HUMOR IN A JUGULAR VEIN

TALES CALCULATED TO DRIVE YOU MAD

AN ENTERTAINING EC COMIC

NO. 2
DEC.-JAN.

10¢

E.C. FANS!

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AN ENTERTAINING EC COMIC

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TERROR DEPT.: THERE ARE MANY THINGS GOING ON IN THE WORLD THAT ARE VERY STRANGE... THAT HAVE NO EXPLANATION! MANY THINGS IN MANY PHASES OF LIFE... EVEN IN THE GAME OF BASEBALL! THERE ARE THE SUPERSTITIONS, THE BELIEFS IN THE UNNATURAL, THE BELIEFS IN THE...

HEX!

OOOH, NO!

STRRRIKE THREE!

YER OUT!

MELVIN DAVIS

AAH! I DON'T KNOW WHATSA MATTER WITH ME, YEGGI! I CAN'T SEEM TO BUY A HIT!
YOU MIGHT BE HEXED, CASEY! DID YUH TOUCH 2ND BASE ON YOUR WAY OUT?
NINE RUNS BEHIND... AN' YAKETTY YAK YAK YAK.

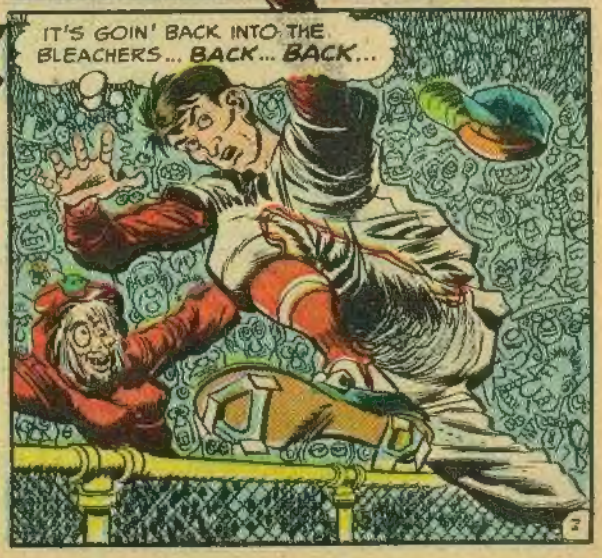
AAAAH! DON'T GIVE ME ANY OF THAT SUPERSTITION STUFF, YEGGI!
MAYBE YUH TOOK DUH LAST BAT IN DUH RACK! BAD LUCK TO USE LAST BAT IN DUH RACK!
YAKKETY YAK YAK YAK!

HERE, CASEY! HERE'S A GOOD LUCK CHARM! IT'LL BRING YUH LUCK!
AAAH... WELL, THANKS, YEGGI! ... IF ANYTHING IS GIVING ME BAD LUCK, IT'S HER!

WHOZAT, CASEY?
THAT OLD DAME IN THE CENTERFIELD BLEACHERS! EVERY GAME, THAT OL' DAME SITS AN' LOOKS AT ME! A REGULAR GIRL FRIEND!

OOH! DAT'S... DAT'S DUH EVIL EYE! SHE'S GIVIN' YOU DUH WHAMMY!
EH, YOU BEEN READIN' TOO MANY COMIC BOOKS, YEGGI! LET'S PLAY BALL!

HMF! YEGGI SURE IS SUPERSTITIOUS! THAT OL' DAME IS PROBABLY MADLY IN LOVE WITH ME!... OOP! HERE COMES ONE MY WAY!
CLONK


IT'S GOIN' BACK INTO THE BLEACHERS... BACK... BACK...

ATTABOY, CASEY LOVER! THAT'S THE WAY TO SNAG 'EM, LOVER!

AAAH, YOU'VE BEEN BAD LUCK, DOLL! WE WON'T WIN THE PENNANT TODAY!
I'LL GIVE YOU LUCK, CASEY! PROMISE TO MARRY ME AND I'LL WIN YOU THE PENNANT!

SURE, I'LL MARRY YOU, DOLL! NOW LEMME CLIMB OUTTA YOUR LAP BACK INTO THE GAME...

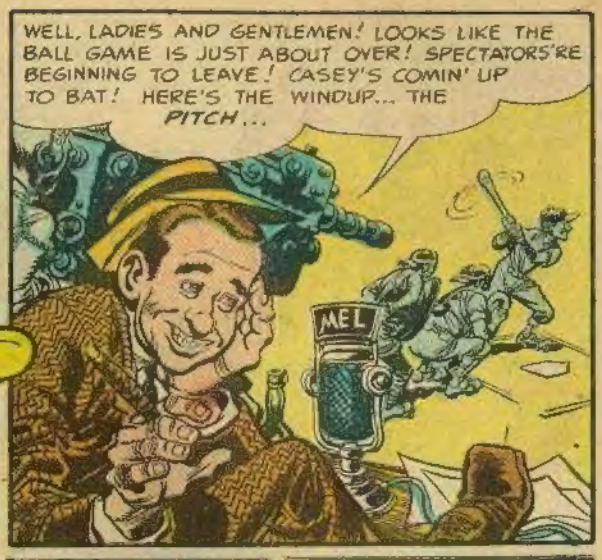
OWCH

DUMB DAME! WHATSA IDEA STICKIN ME WITH A PIN?
BLOOD, CASEY! YOU AGREED TO A PACT AND WE'LL SIGN IT IN BLOOD!
X

QUIT TALKIN' TA THEM SPECTATORS, CASEY, ER I'LL SLAP A FINE ON YA!
CRAZY OL' DAME! STICKS ME WITH A PIN!
BLOOD! YAHAHA! A PACT IN BLOOD! YOU BELONG TO ME, CASEY... YAHAHA... TO ME!

THUNDER! THAT'S FUNNY! THERE AIN'T A CLOUD IN THE SKY!
VLAB ADOOMMMM

...NOW LISTEN, CASEY! THIS IS IT! LAST OF THE NINTH INNING... TWO MEN DOWN... NO MAN ON BASE... WE NEED A RALLY, BOY! A RALLY! GO OUT THERE, BOY! SHOW ME THE OL' CLUTCH HITTIN' CASEY I USED TO KNOW, BOY! (SOB) GO HIT A HOME RUN FER OL' LEO!
SWE


WELL, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN! LOOKS LIKE THE BALL GAME IS JUST ABOUT OVER! SPECTATORS'RE BEGINNING TO LEAVE! CASEY'S COMIN' UP TO BAT! HERE'S THE WINDUP... THE PITCH...
MEL

WOOP... POP FLY TO THE INFIELD...

... PEEWEE RUSS STANDING EASILY UNDER IT...

...FLICKS HIS SUN-GLASSES...AND HE MAKES THE CA---

... WAIT A MINUTE!
DUCKERS

SOMETHING'S HAPPENED! THE BALL HAS HOPPED AWAY FROM PEEWEE'S GLOVE! THIS OLD ANNOUNCER'S EYES MUST BE GOING BAD!
MEL

THERE'S A BIG RHUBARB GOING ON! THE UMPIRE IS EXAMINING THE BALL! HE SAYS NOTHING'S WRONG WITH THE BALL! CASEY'S SAFE ON FIRST!
PLAY BALL!

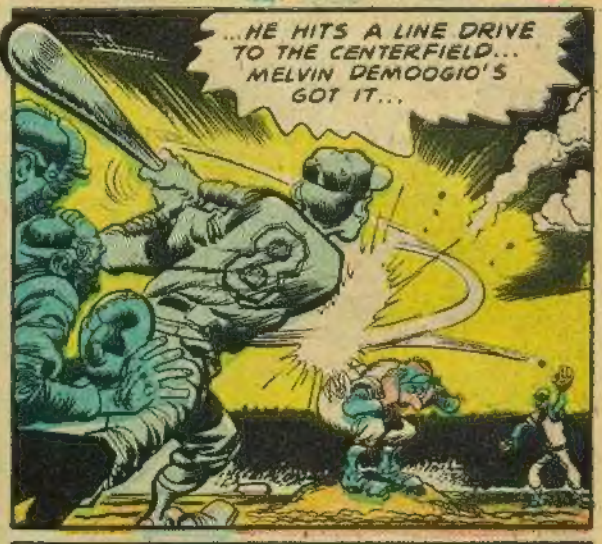
IT LOOKS LIKE THE SWEAT SOX ARE RALLYING! YEGG! BORRA BELTS ONE OUT!

...STAN MUSICAL CONNECTS!

...PREACHER ROWBOAT CONNECTS!

...EDDY STUNKY CONNECTS!

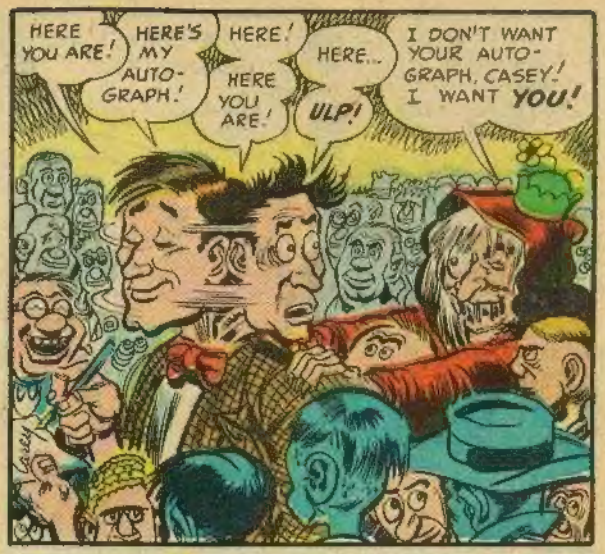
WHAT A GAME, FOLKS! WHAT A GAME! WITH TWO MEN OUT, THE SWEAT SOX HAVE RALLIED IN THE LAST HALF OF THE NINTH AND JUST NEED FOUR MORE RUNS TO CLINCH THE PENNANT! NOW CLEANUP MAN CASEY STEPS TO THE PLATE...


...HE HITS A LINE DRIVE TO THE CENTERFIELD... MELVIN DEMOOGIO'S GOT IT...

...NO!!!...THE BALL IS TAKING A CRAZY HOP... SAILING OVER DEMOOGIO'S HEAD... OUT...OUT... OUT OF THE PARK!
BEEEEEEEEOOOOOOOOOO

...HOME RUN!

WELL, WE'RE OFF TO NEW YORK!
IF WE KIN GET THROUGH THESE FANS!
KIN I HAVE YER AUTOGRAPH?
TRACK 9
GOOD LUCK CASEY
HUH, AUTO-GRAPH?
HUH? HUH?
AUTO-GRAPH, CASEY?
GOOD LUCK!


HERE YOU ARE!
HERE'S MY AUTO-GRAPH!
HERE!
HERE YOU ARE!
HERE...
ULP!
I DON'T WANT YOUR AUTO-GRAPH, CASEY! I WANT YOU!

THE PACT! YOU SIGNED THE PACT IN BLOOD...
PACT, SHMACT! BE A GOOD DOLL AN' GET LOST!

WHO WUZ DAT, CASEY? WHO WUZ DAT OL' WOMAN YOU PUSHED IN DE FACE?
AAAH! THAT DOLL IS STILL FOLLOWING ME AROUND!

UH-OH! YOU SHOULDN'NA DONE DAT! SHE'S HEXED! SHE'LL HEX US ALL!
COME OFF IT, WILLYA YEGGI! COME ON! LET'S GET A GAME OF BLACKJACK GOING!
MAD

GRAND CENTRAL STAATION!
NEW YORK!
LOOK AT THE FANS, WILLYA?

AUTO-GRAPH?
AUTO-GRAPH, MR. CASEY?
OOH PLEASE?
OOH! OOH! OOH!
PLEASE GIMME AUTO-GRAPH?
AH, C'MON!

OKAY!
HERE'S MY AUTOGRAPH!
HERE!
HERE Y'ARE!
HERE YOU ARE!
ONE AT A T... YOING!

NO MORE AUTOGRAPHS TODAY!
SORRY!
NO MORE!

NO MORE, I SAID!
NOBODY ALLOWED IN HERE
GID-DADDA HERE!

WHEW!
AT LAST! I'M ALONE IN MY HOTEL ROOM!
ALONE AT LAST ALONE... ALO... AL... A...

HEE HEE HEE HEE!

THE PACT! I'VE COME TO FULFILL THE PACT! THE PACT WE MADE IN BLOOD!

I TELL YA, LEO! I HOID A HORRIBLE SHRIEK IN CASEY'S ROOM! A HORRIBLE SHRIEK!
HERE WE GOT THE SERIES IN OUR POCKET, AN' WOT HAPPENS... WOT HAPPENS?
OPEN UP, CASEY!
THE WINDOW!
HE JUMPED! HOW COULD HE DO THIS TO ME?
CRASH
TWENTY STORIES TO THE GROUND! HOW COULD THAT FILTHY DOUBLE-CROSSING RAT KILL HIMSELF?
YEGGI! I CAN'T BEAR TO LOOK! IS THE BODY BADLY MUTILATED? DID HE LAND FLAT OR ON HIS HEAD? I CAN'T STAND THE SIGHT OF BLOOD!
HE DID'N LAND AT TALL! HE... HE... HOO...
LEO! LEO!
WHAT'S DAT UP DERE?
WHERE, UP THERE? WHERE? WHERE? UP THERE? WHERE? WHAT? WHO! WHO! HOW!
WHA?
I T'OUGHT I SAW TWO PEOPLE... R-RIDIN' ON A B-B-BROOM STICK... I T'OUGHT!
PUNK
OW!
WHATSAT FELL OUTTA THE SKY! A GOOD LUCK CHARM? WHA? WHA? WHO? WHO? WHO?
HOW?
THE CHARM I GAVE CASEY! I GOT A FEELING CASEY'S GONE FOR GOOD! I GOT A FEELIN' WE GONNA LOSE THE SERIES! I GOTTA FEELIN' WE BEEN HEXED!

JUNGLE DEOT: AFRICA! WILD...UNTAMED LAND WHERE TIME STANDS TANGLED IN THE JUNGLE! AFRICA! HOME OF THE FIERCE GMOWGU PYGMIES, THE TERRIBLE NGAMBWALI CANNIBALS, AND THE HORRIBLE OOKABALLAKONGA HEAD HUNTERS! ALSO, HOME OF THE JUNGLE APEMAN... AN APEMAN NAMED...

MELVIN!

OOK! OOK!

OOK! OOK!

OOK!

OOK! OOK! OOK

OOK! OOK?

OOK!

OOK!

EEK!

MELVIN SEVERIN

HO HUM! ME, MELVIN OF APES, TIRED DIS NONSENSE! I TNK I GO HOME TO JANE! I TINK I GIVE WAR CRY OF KING OF APES...

OOK!

OOK

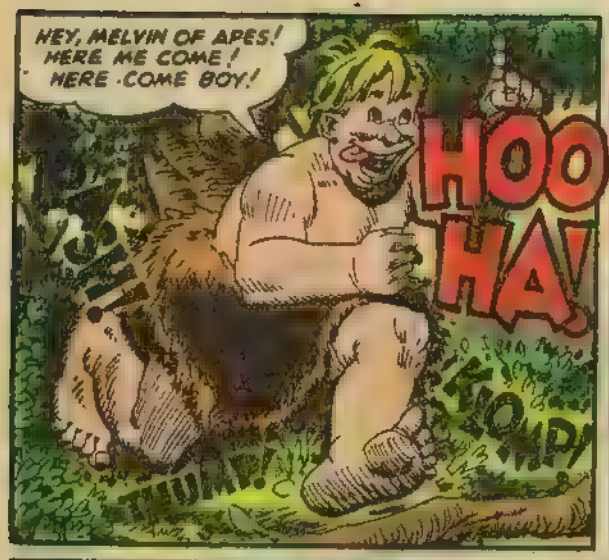
OOK! OOK

WHOOP HA!

HEY! ME FORGET!... WHERE IS BOY? JANE TELL ME KEEP EYE ON BOY! WHERE BOY?

HEY! LOOK AT DAT MUSCLE

SWOOSH!

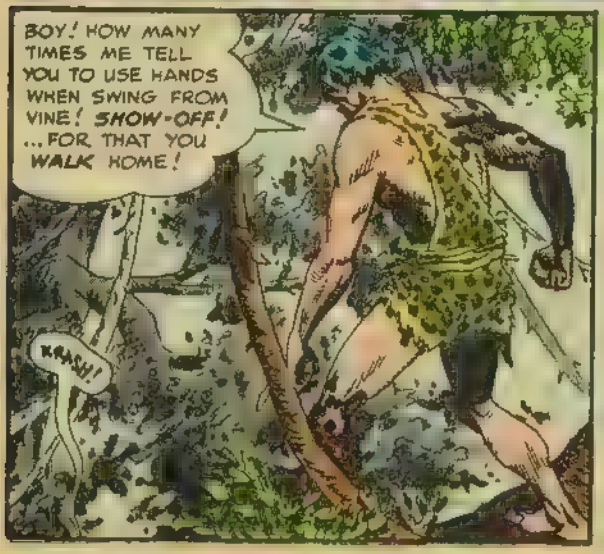

HEY, MELVIN OF APES! HERE ME COME! HERE COME BOY!
HOO HA!
KOMP!
THUMP!

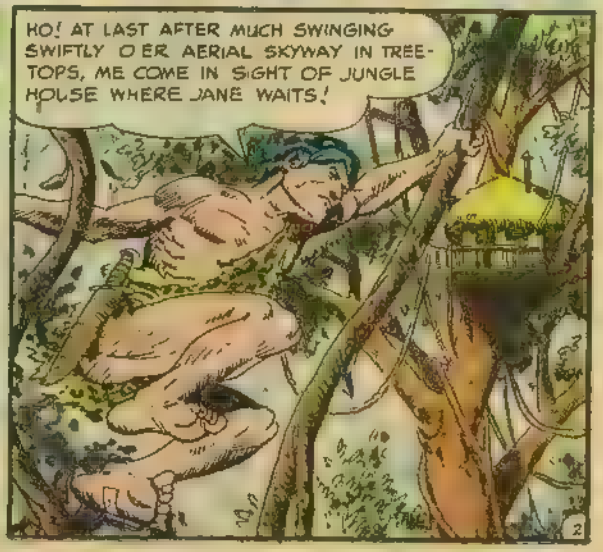
HOOOOP!
THUD!

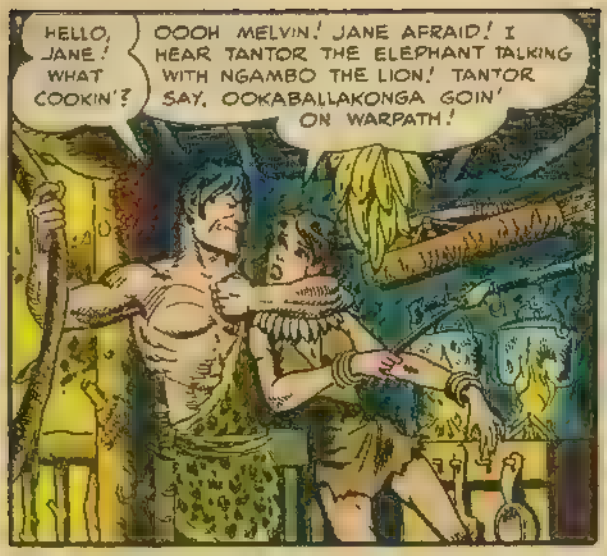
OOPS! ME GET SUDDEN CRAMP IN LEG, BUT HERE ME COME, MELV!
OOF!

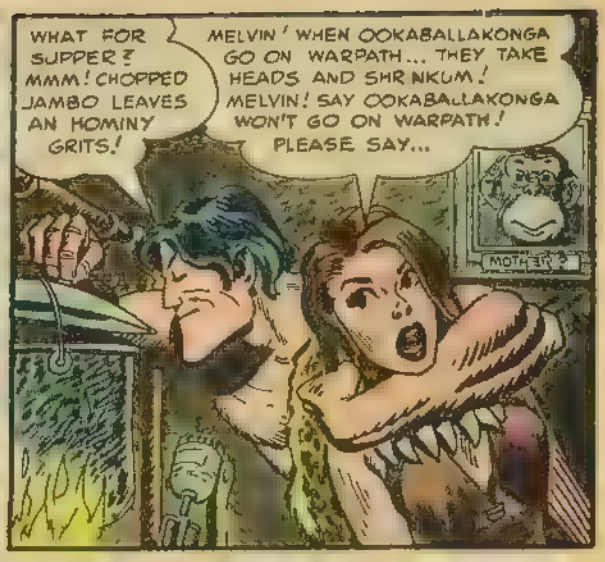
CLEARUM DECK, MELV' ME GONNA SWING OUT ON VINE AN..

BOY MISS!
EEEEE


BOY! HOW MANY TIMES ME TELL YOU TO USE HANDS WHEN SWING FROM VINE! SHOW-OFF! ...FOR THAT YOU WALK HOME!
KRASH!

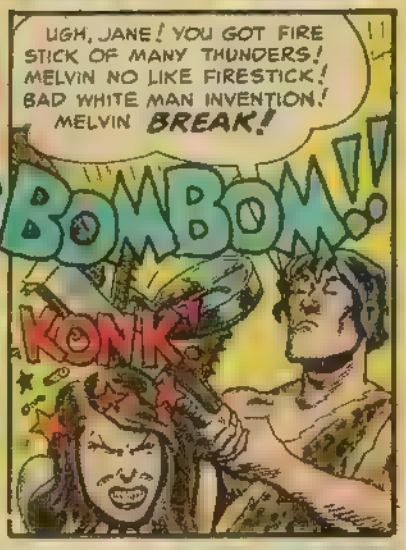

HO! AT LAST AFTER MUCH SWINGING SWIFTLY O'ER AERIAL SKYWAY IN TREE-TOPS, ME COME IN SIGHT OF JUNGLE HOUSE WHERE JANE WAITS!

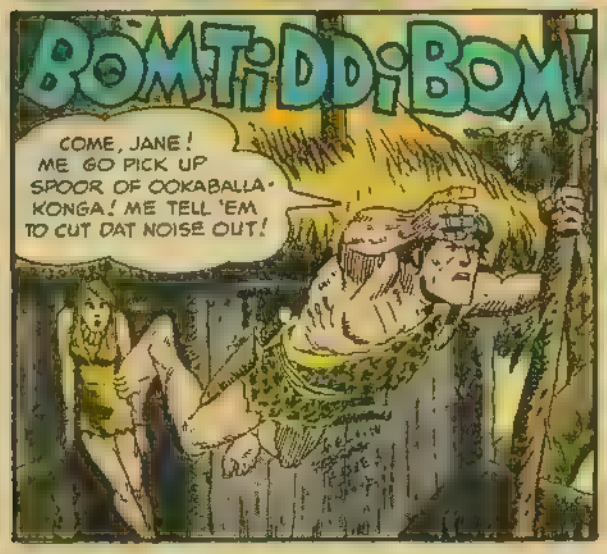

HELLO, JANE! WHAT COOKIN'?
OOOH MELVIN! JANE AFRAID! I HEAR TANTOR THE ELEPHANT TALKING WITH NGAMBO THE LION! TANTOR SAY, OOKABALLAKONGA GOIN' ON WARPATH!

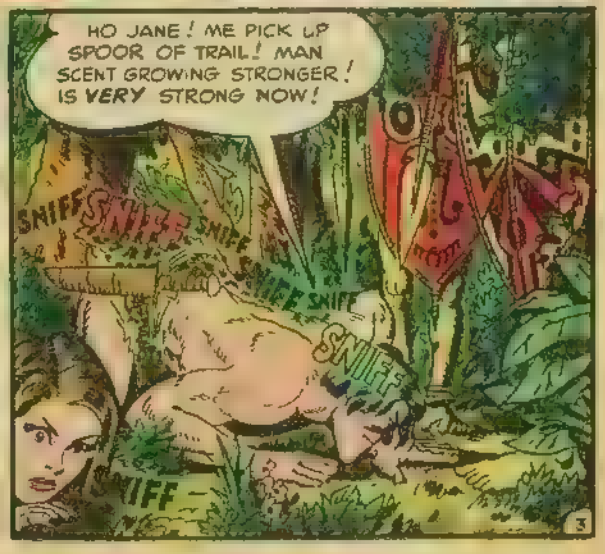

WHAT FOR SUPPER? MMM! CHOPPED JAMBO LEAVES AN HOMINY GRITS!
MELVIN! WHEN OOKABALLAKONGA GO ON WARPATH... THEY TAKE HEADS AND SHRINKUM! MELVIN! SAY OOKABALLAKONGA WON'T GO ON WARPATH! PLEASE SAY...
MOTHER

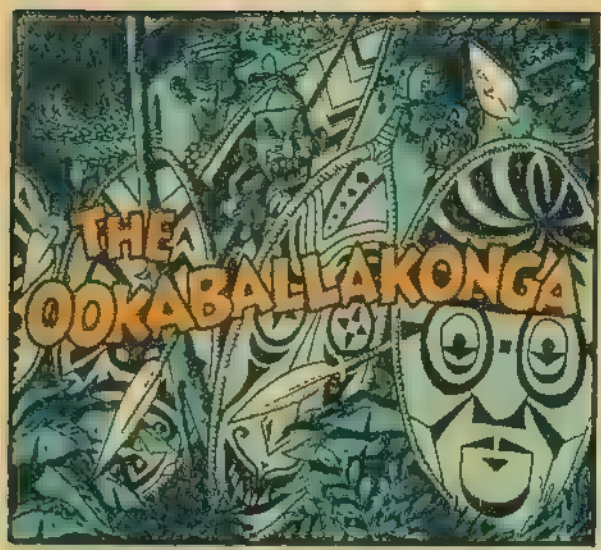
LISTEN, MELVIN!
IS WARDRUM OF OOKABALLAKONGA! DIS SERIOUS!
BOMTiDDiBOMTiDDiBOMBOM!!

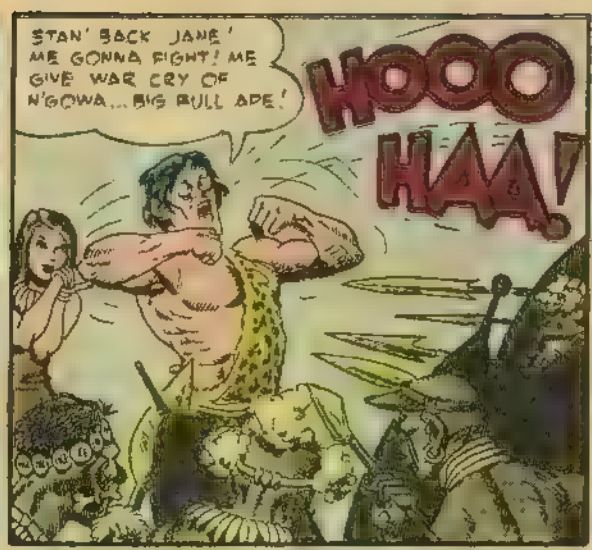
WE DON'T HAFTA TAKE NONE O' THAT BOLONEY, MELV! LET'S GO OUT AN' BLAST 'EM!


UGH, JANE! YOU GOT FIRE STICK OF MANY THUNDERS! MELVIN NO LIKE FIRESTICK! BAD WHITE MAN INVENTION! MELVIN BREAK!
KONK


BOMTiDDiBOM!
COME, JANE! ME GO PICK UP SPOOR OF OOKABALLA-KONGA! ME TELL 'EM TO CUT DAT NOISE OUT!

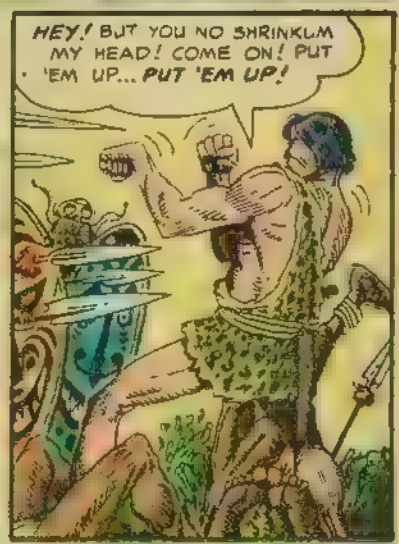

HO JANE! ME PICK UP SPOOR OF TRAIL! MAN SCENT GROWING STRONGER! IS VERY STRONG NOW!
SNIFF
SNIFF
SNIFF
SNIFF
SNIFF
SNIFF
SNIFF
3


THE OOKABALLAKONGA

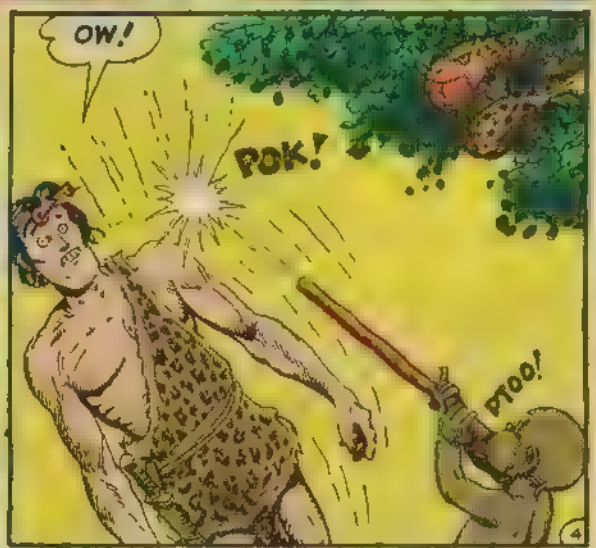

STAN' BACK JANE! ME GONNA FIGHT! ME GIVE WAR CRY OF N'GOWA... BIG BULL APE!
HOOO HAA!

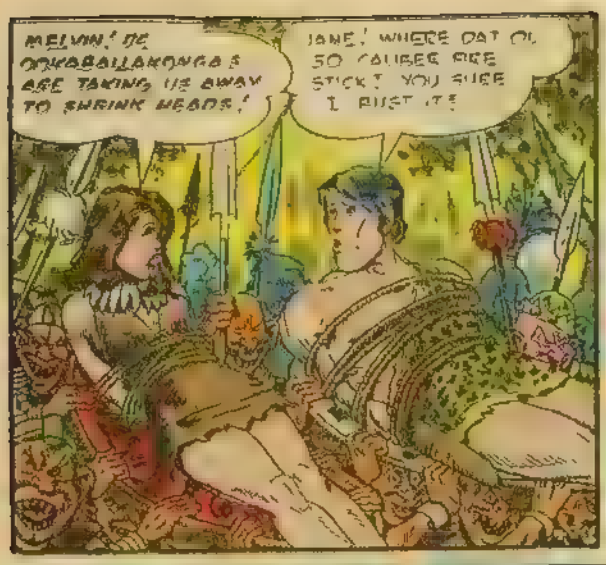
HA... OOKABALLAKONGA! PUT 'EM UP! ME HEAR HOW YOU SHRINK HEADS!

HAH! ME KNOW HOW YOU GOT STRANGE MYSTERIOUS FORMULA TO SHRINK 'EM!
PLOP!


HEY! BUT YOU NO SHRINKUM MY HEAD! COME ON! PUT 'EM UP... PUT 'EM UP!

HAH! ME KNOCK OUT ALL OOKABALLAKONGA EXCEPT DIS ONE PUNK! ME KNOCK HIM OUT DEN GIVE VICTORY CRY OF N'GANDI BIG BULL APE!


OW!
POK!
PTOO!


MELVIN! DE OOKABALLAKONGA'S ARE TAKING US AWAY TO SHRINK HEADS!
JANE! WHERE DAT OL SO CALLEED FIRE STICK? YOU SURE I BUST IT!

MELVIN! WE GONNA FIX YOUR WAGON! WE GONNA TIE YOU TO FOUR ELEPHANTS AN' TEAR YOU IN FOUR EQUAL PARTS!
ANY LAST REQUESTS, OL' MAN?
SKULL CAP

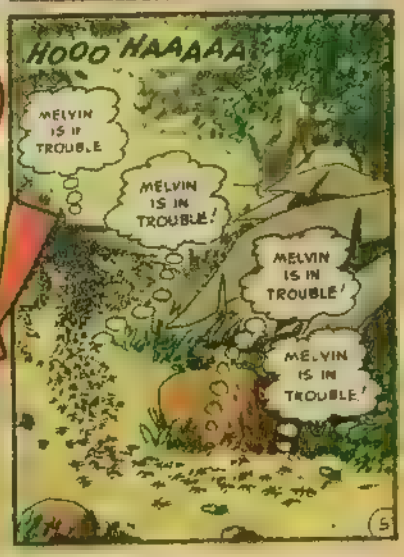
YES! JUST LET MELVIN GIVE ONE L'IL OL' CRY OF BULL-APE, N'GOKKA, IN TROUBLE!
HOOO HA!

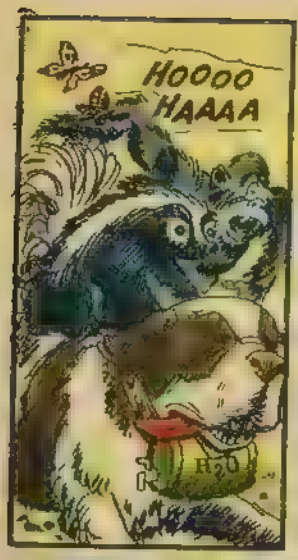
HOOO HAAAAA
MELVIN IS IN TROUBLE!
MELVIN IS IN TROUBLE!
MELVIN IS IN TROUBLE!
MELVIN IS IN TROUBLE?

HOOO HA!

HOOOO HAAA
MELVIN IS IN TROUBLE!
MELVIN IS IN TROUBLE
MELVIN IS IN TROUBLE!
MELVIN IS IN TROUBLE!
MELVIN IS IN TROUBLE!

HOO HA!


HOOO HAAAAA
MELVIN IS IN TROUBLE
MELVIN IS IN TROUBLE!
MELVIN IS IN TROUBLE!
MELVIN IS IN TROUBLE!


HOOOO HAAAA
H_2O

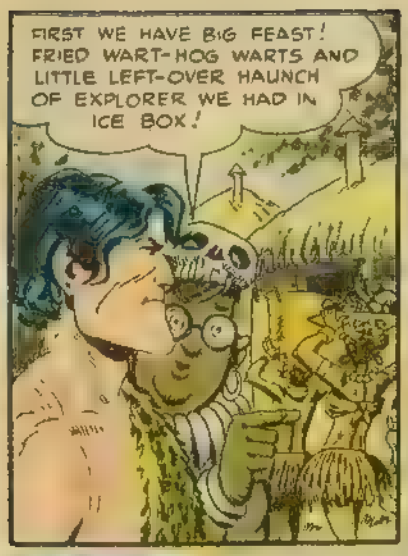
HOOOOO HAAAA

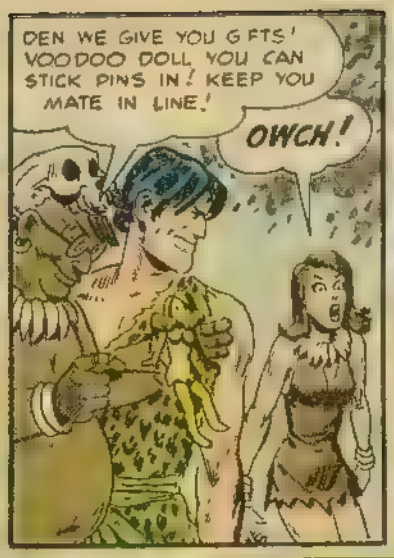
HOOOO HAAAAA

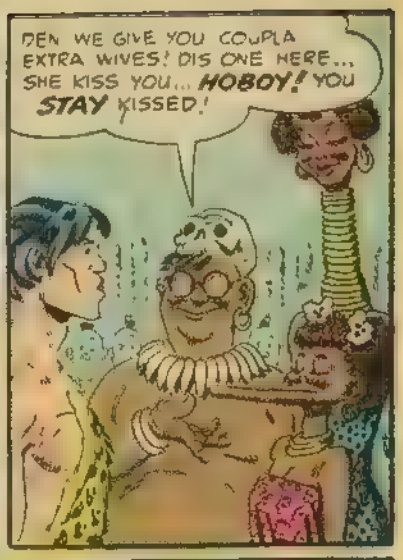
HOOOO HAAAA

SURRENDER!
WE SURRENDER!
FINS, I GOT!
KAMERAD!
FINGERS!
WHITE FLAG!

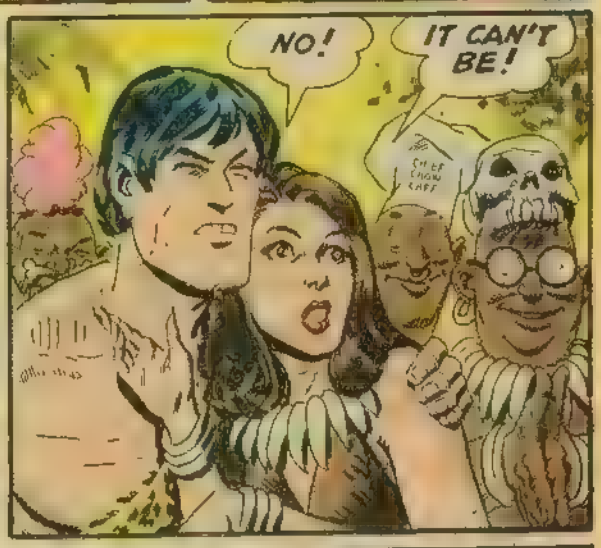
MELVIN! US OOKA-BALLAKONGAS GIVE UP! YOU BIG BOSS AROUND HERE FROM NOW ON! FORGIVE US! WE GIVE YOU GIFTS AND ALL KINDS BRIBES!

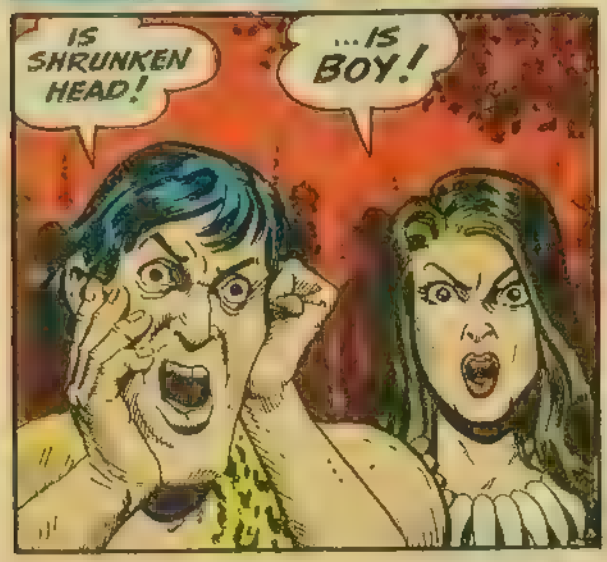

FIRST WE HAVE BIG FEAST! FRIED WART-HOG WARTS AND LITTLE LEFT-OVER HAUNCH OF EXPLORER WE HAD IN ICE BOX!


DEN WE GIVE YOU GIFTS! VOODOO DOLL YOU CAN STICK PINS IN! KEEP YOU MATE IN LINE!
OWCH!


DEN WE GIVE YOU COUPLA EXTRA WIVES! DIS ONE HERE... SHE KISS YOU... HOBOY! YOU STAY KISSED!

NOW FOR MAIN GIFT OF EVENING! VERY FINE GIFT MADE BY SECRET OL' OOKABALLAKONGA FORMULA! MAKE GOOD TELEVISION SET DECORATION!
BRING SPECIAL GIFT!
CLAP! CLAP!

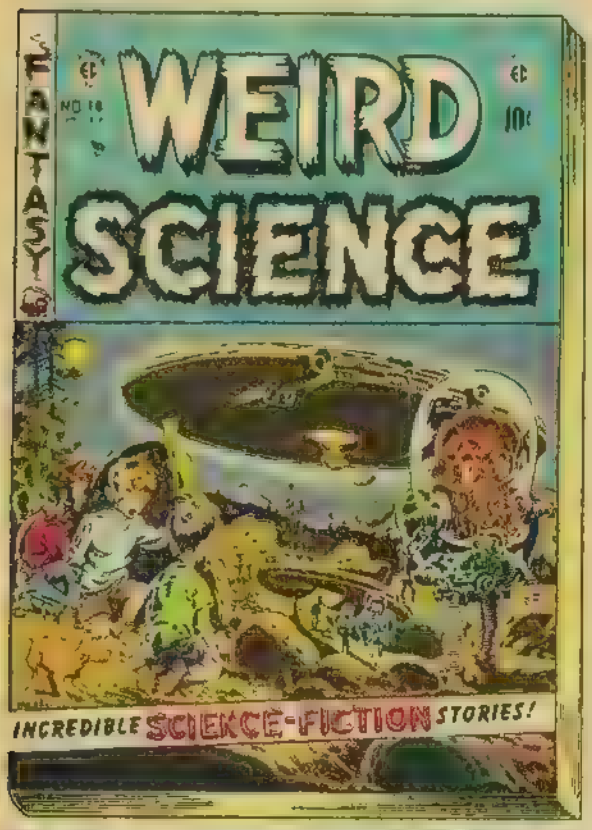

NO!
IT CAN'T BE!


IS SHRUNKEN HEAD!
...IS BOY!

UGH! GO WAY BOY! YOU REPULSIVE!
AH COM'ON MELV! ME GOOD! ME SWING ON VINE WIT' TWO HANDS NOW! TAKE BOY BACK TO TREE HOUSE, WILLYA? HUH? WILLYA? HUH? HUH? WILLYA?

E.C. FANS!

WE AT E.C. ARE PROUDEST OF OUR SCIENCE - FICTION MAGAZINES! LOOK FOR...



AN ENTERTAINING COMIC

ANOTHER "NEW TREND" ENTERTAINING COMIC!

ON SALE NOW AT ALL NEWSSTANDS!

Monongahela Wheeler, private eye, flashed his badge at Babalou O'Brien, his nagging secretary.

"Listen, Mo! We owe Mr. Gaines, the Baron of Lafayette Street, five months back rent on this broom closet. You haven't made a prune since you caught the counterfeiter, Two-Buck Tim from Timbuktu! Now you have a chance for an interview and free publicity on the coast-to-coast broadcast, 'Breakfast with Max and Minx'!

"Desist, woman! I don't believe in *mind over mattress* . . . rising at 6 in the a.m. to chit-chat with a couple of bleary-eyed early birds! Besides . . . I can't stomach their sponsor's product, the breakfast food that's packed in shell casings. What with Minx's canaries chirping the Anvil Chorus, the cereal exploding, and the friction in Max's diction, I won't get a plug in edgewise! No! I refuse!"

Just then, a beautiful woman, with mascara-smeared eyelids, swivel-hipped into the office. As Babalou leered at the lovely intruder, Mo looked her over like the Sunday supplement.

"What *is* it, Mo? A raccoon???"

Mo observed that the mysterious lady was wearing a soft sighing whisp of a black chiffon chapeau with a rayon net cascading over a pure silk print dinner dress of mauve, aqua, topaz, and tissüe faille beige. The whole effect was one of melodious cacophony, quiet dignity and unstudied flawlessness!! She was obviously a retired taxi-dancer

The lady placed 498 one-dollar bills and a two-spot on Mo's desk. She spoke in a voice smooth as warm butterscotch pudding. "This is a small retainer, Mr. Wheeler! There's been foul play at 24 Claw St.!!" Then she turned on her wedgies and left

Mo stuck the loot in his suit, the two-spot in an envelope for the landlord, and headed for

the house of evil with Babalou in tow!!

Soon, the sleuth and his steno were standing in the sinister, spider-webbed hallway of 24 Claw!

"Let's try that door at the top of the stairs, sweetheart! Watch that first step. Looks rotten!" . . . *"Right, Mo!"* . . . "Watch that second step. Pretty weak!" . . . *"Right, Mo!"* . . . "The third step, too!" . . . *"Right, Mo!"* . . . "Fourth's bad!" . . . *"Right, Mo!"* "Fifth's worse yet!" . . . *"Right, Mo!"* . . . Watch the SEVENTH step . . . very bad!"

There was a resounding crash! Mo would have to carry on alone, now! Reaching the landing, he opened the foreboding door! There, on the floor, was a murdered seaman in a blood-soaked oilskin coat and a sou'wester . a harpoon impaled in his back!!

"Here's one sailor who found a *storm* in a *port!* Judging from the angle this 600 pound Nantucket needle entered the body, it was thrown at close range! The serial number has been filed off. There must be hundreds of harpoons of the same caliber around town!"

As Mo whipped his magnifying glass into focus, the Lady-in-Mascara flounced into the room

"Mr. Wheeler! The solution to this crime lies in that room across the hall!"

Mo raced to that perilous portal! He kicked it in with the toe of his tennis shoe. A red light flashed . . . ON THE AIR! Canaries chirped and breakfast food exploded. Radio technicians were absorbed in their decibels. A man with ear-phones threw a frantic finger at Max and Minx!

Welcome to breakfast with the McSnarys, Mo! This was the only way we could get you on our precious program. Will you be our guest before you take us down to police headquarters?"

"You both will get the hot-divan for this caper! But I might comply with your last request. I haven't had my second cup of coffee as yet this morning."

As Mo looked around for the elusive Lady-in-Mascara, Babalou's voice came up from the cellar . .

"Mo . . . you lout!!! Why didn't you tell me about that SIXTH step?????"

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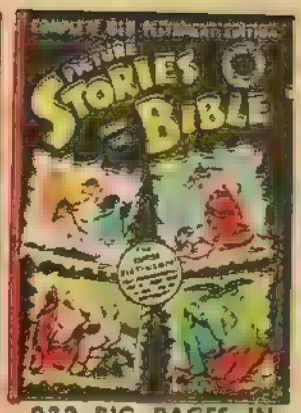

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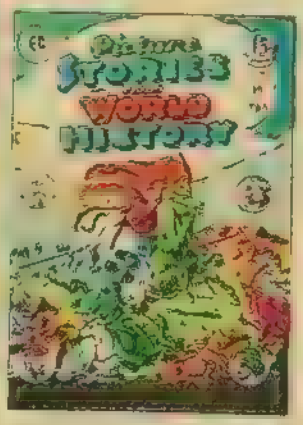

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CALLING COSMO McMOON!

On a quiet stretch of meadowland in the midwest, a lonely steel tower reaches into the ether and pulls radio waves into the generator housed at its base. Then it sends the waves, now nourished and revitalized, out into space again to continue on their coast-to-coast journey.

One day, things went awry at this small but important transmitter. President F. M. Wavelength, the big chime of the Irrational Broadcasting System, called an emergency Board of Directors meeting.

"Gentlemen! I don't have to tell you why you are here! Just turn on the radio and you'll hear jumbled programs. H. V. Kettledrum, news analyst . . . Martin Cohen, private eye . . . and Mr. Trace, Loser of Keen Persons, are all working on the *same* case apparently. Jock Beanny appears to be playing *first violin* on the Boston Synphony broadcast! Actually, some unknown force, within the radius of one of our midwestern powerhouses, is jamming all the networks together! We have resorted to every known mechanical contrivance to detect the source of the interference, but to no avail!

"Therefore, I have called in an old schoolchum of mine, Prof. Cosmo McMoon, to solve this mystery. The professor and I went to Common Knowledge College together where I was captain of the All-American Tiddly-Winks Team. He played a very solid Left Tiddle!"

Just then, Prof. McMoon entered. Taking off his pith helmet, he addressed his old schoolmate. "Got your call, F. M.! I was spending a bit of a vacation at Lake Indian-name-to-end-all-Indian-named-lakes, in exclusive Westchester County. I hate to admit it, but I was about to be tossed out anyway! They discovered a knothole in my polo mallet. A breach of social etiquette if there ever was one!"

"Have you heard my new song, 'I'll take you home again, Kathleen — the last three cocktails turned you green!'? Or would you rather hear my theories on why the Missing Link is still missing?"

* * * * *

Prof. McMoon and F. M. arrived by plane at the site of the berserk transmitter. As Cosmo began his investigations in the vicinity, the oscillator in his bow tie started to blink and light up! He was hot on the trail!

The signals became strongest when he approached a little hut, tucked away in the woods, not far from the tower.

The door of the humble abode was opened by Walla-Walla Bazinski, a poor but honest farmer. He invited the two men into the plain interior. He introduced his wife, Mrs. Croton-on-the-Hudson Bazinski. On her lap sat ten month old Baden-Baden Bazinski. Music wafted through the room. The Bazinskis were too poor to own a radio, but the sound emanated from their little son's mouth!

"Incredible," cried Cosmo! "This little cherub is a human generator! He opens his mouth and his teeth act as a positive attractor of radio waves. His tongue acts as a conductor of electricity while his teeth are like the push-button station selectors on a radio. He has merely to run his tongue along his teeth to change from station to station!"

"Yes, and he doesn't take long to warm up like them hand-made radios!", offered Walla-Walla.

Now that the cause of the radio-wave jumbling was unearthed, Mr. F. M. Wavelength paid Mr Bazinski $100,000 to have little B.B.'s baby teeth extracted. This done, stations only carried *one* program at a time as before.

Oh, yes!! The happy Bazinskis are now living in the heart of New York . . . near Radio City! They are waiting anxiously for their little boy's *second set* of teeth to cut gum!

SCIENCE-FICTION DEPT.: *NIGHT!* A MIGHTY, GLEAMING SPACE-SHIP SWOOPS GRACEFULLY OUT OF THE STARRY SKY MAKING A GENTLE LANDING ON THE NEVADA SANDS! INSIDE, GLARE MERPNICK, *MARTIAN*, SITS, SHAKING AND HAGGARD FROM HIS ESCAPE FROM THE...

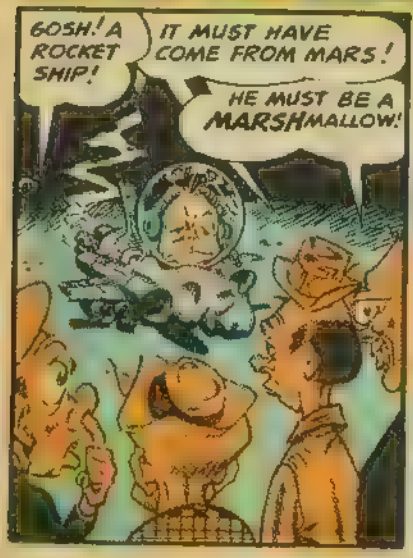
GOOKUM!

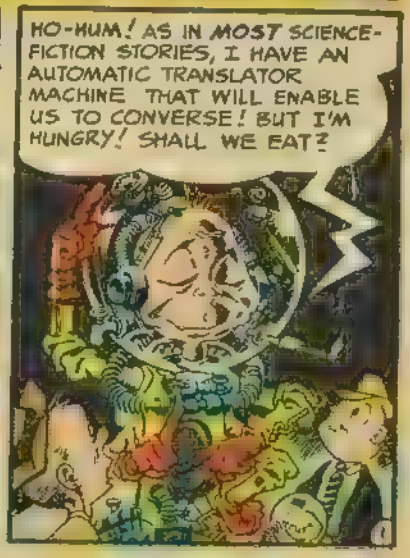
WEEEEEW OOP

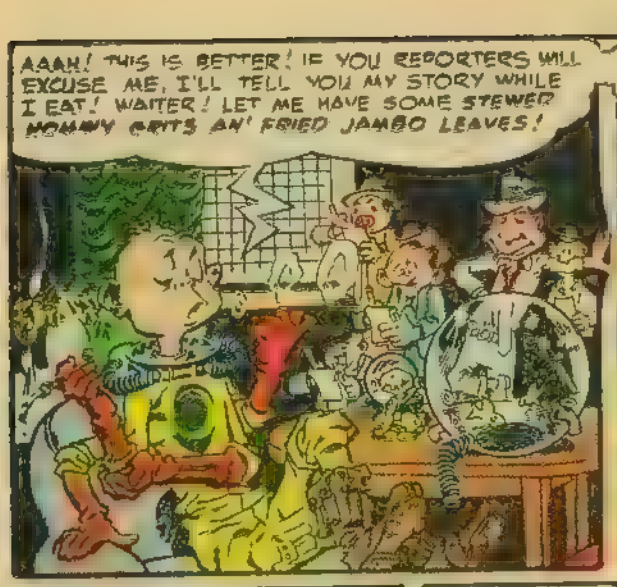
BOINK

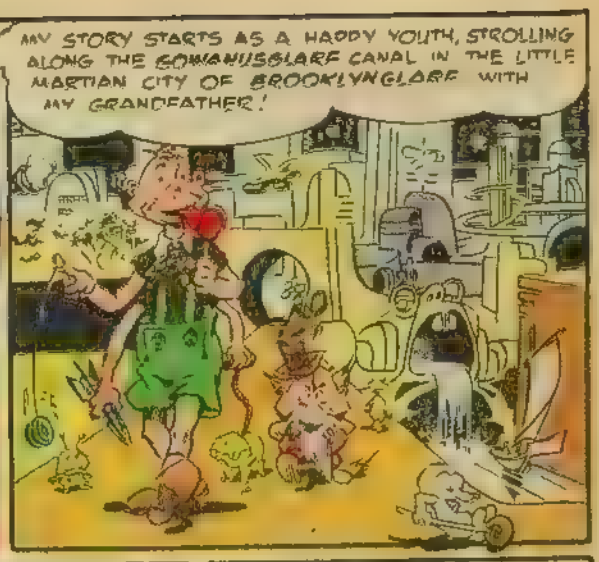
BA DOINK!

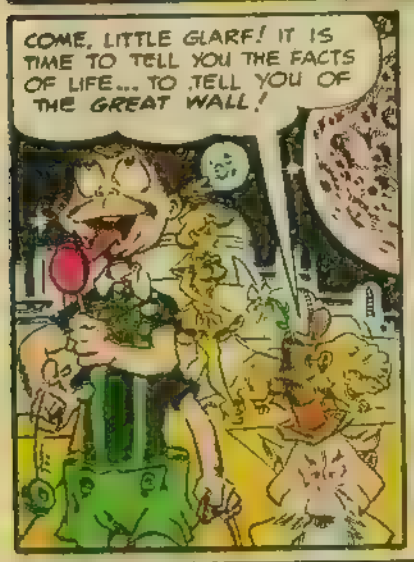
melvin wood





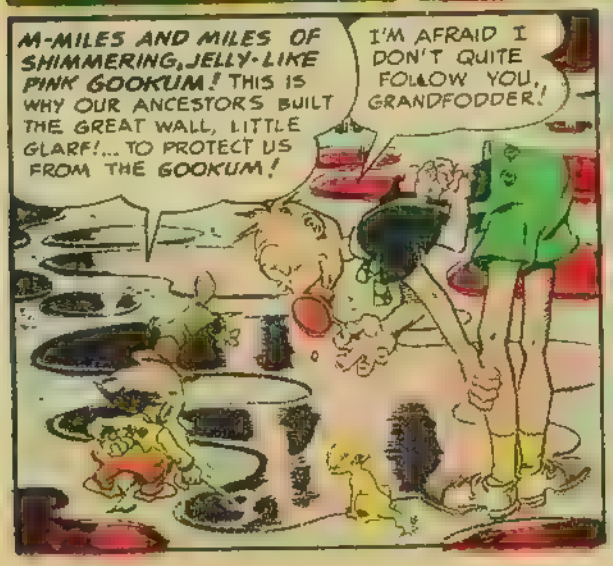

AAAH! THIS IS BETTER! IF YOU REPORTERS WILL EXCUSE ME, I'LL TELL YOU MY STORY WHILE I EAT! WAITER! LET ME HAVE SOME STEWED MOMMY GRITS AN' FRIED JAMBO LEAVES!

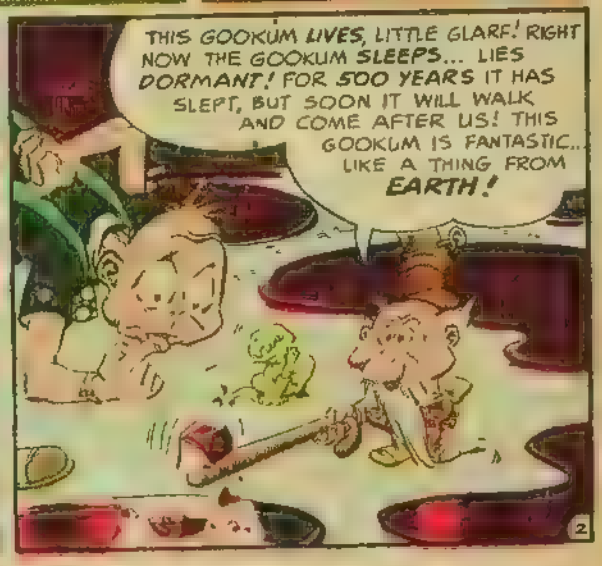

MY STORY STARTS AS A HAPPY YOUTH, STROLLING ALONG THE GOWANUSGLARF CANAL IN THE LITTLE MARTIAN CITY OF BROOKLYNGLARF WITH MY GRANDFATHER!

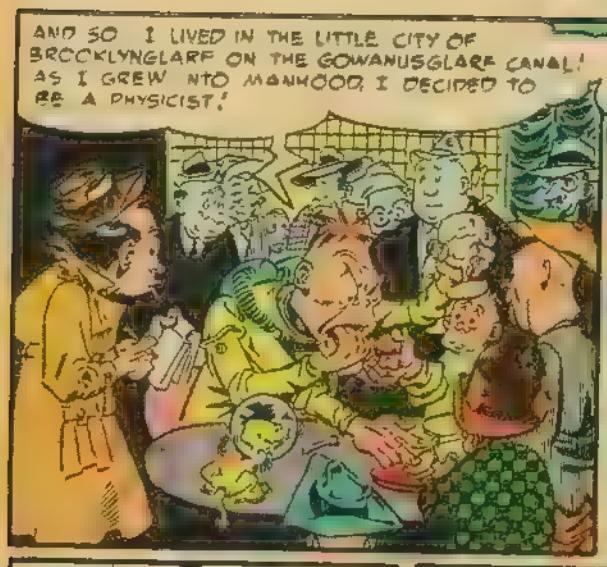

COME, LITTLE GLARF! IT IS TIME TO TELL YOU THE FACTS OF LIFE... TO TELL YOU OF THE GREAT WALL!

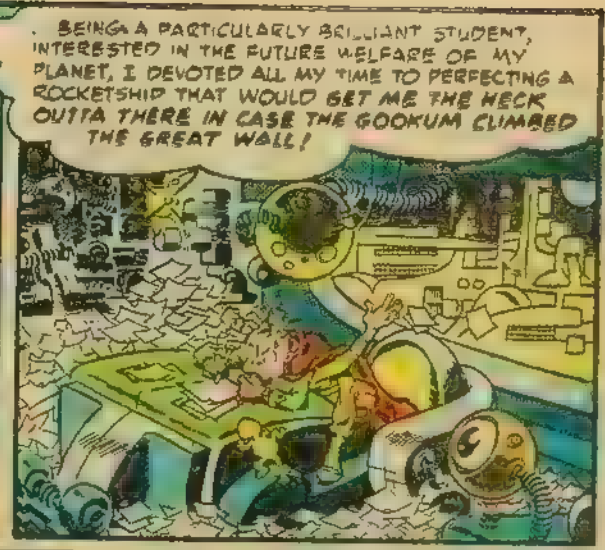
THE GREAT WALL... BUILT BY OUR ANCESTORS MANY YEARS AGO!
FOR THE FIRST TIME LITTLE GLARF, I SHALL TAKE YOU OUTSIDE THE GREAT WALL!

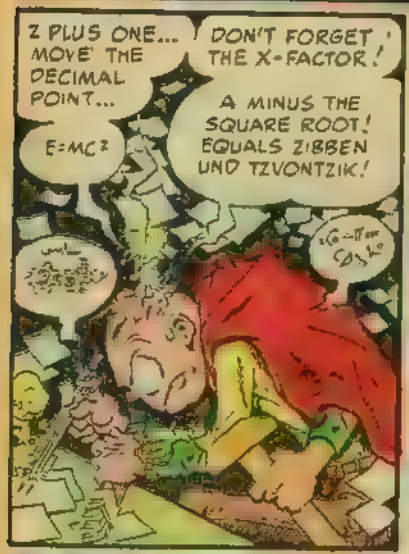
CHEE, GRANFODDER! THERE AIN'T NOTHIN' THIS SIDE OF THE GREAT WALL!
NOTHING, GLARF! N-NOTHING HERE, GLARF! N-N-N-NOTHING BUT THE GOOKUM!

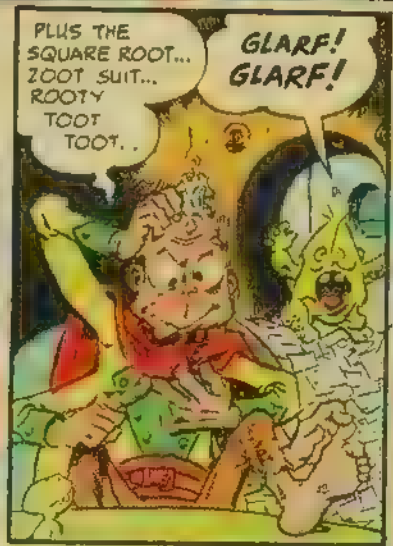

M-MILES AND MILES OF SHIMMERING, JELLY-LIKE PINK GOOKUM! THIS IS WHY OUR ANCESTORS BUILT THE GREAT WALL, LITTLE GLARF!... TO PROTECT US FROM THE GOOKUM!
I'M AFRAID I DON'T QUITE FOLLOW YOU, GRANDFODDER!

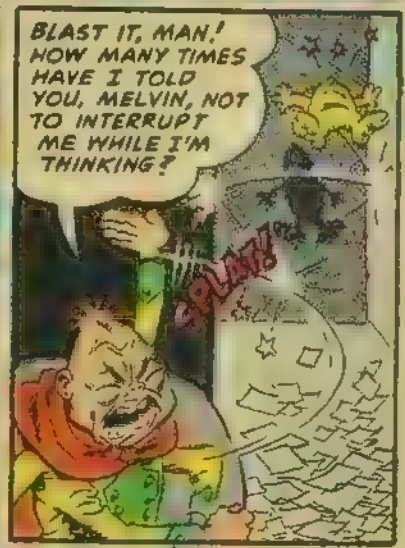

THIS GOOKUM LIVES, LITTLE GLARF! RIGHT NOW THE GOOKUM SLEEPS... LIES DORMANT! FOR 500 YEARS IT HAS SLEPT, BUT SOON IT WILL WALK AND COME AFTER US! THIS GOOKUM IS FANTASTIC... LIKE A THING FROM EARTH!

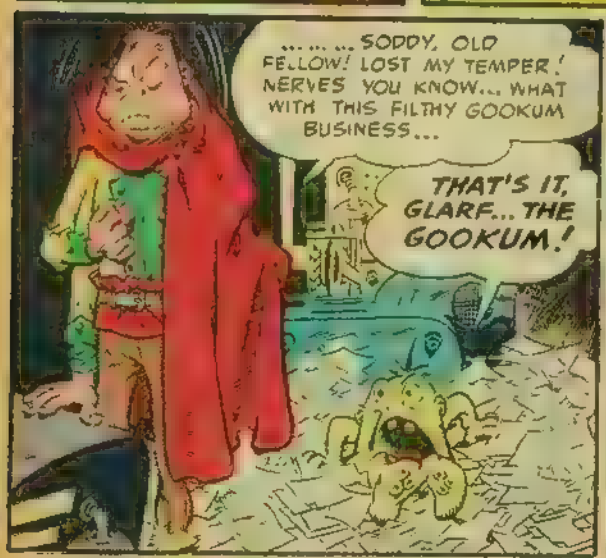

AND SO I LIVED IN THE LITTLE CITY OF BROOKLYNGLARF ON THE GOWANUSGLARF CANAL! AS I GREW INTO MANHOOD, I DECIDED TO BE A PHYSICIST!


BEING A PARTICULARLY BRILLIANT STUDENT, INTERESTED IN THE FUTURE WELFARE OF MY PLANET, I DEVOTED ALL MY TIME TO PERFECTING A ROCKETSHIP THAT WOULD GET ME THE HECK OUTTA THERE IN CASE THE GOOKUM CLIMBED THE GREAT WALL!


Z PLUS ONE... MOVE THE DECIMAL POINT...
DON'T FORGET THE X-FACTOR!
A MINUS THE SQUARE ROOT! EQUALS ZIBBEN UND TZVONTZIK!
E=MC²


PLUS THE SQUARE ROOT... ZOOT SUIT... ROOTY TOOT TOOT..
GLARF! GLARF!


BLAST IT, MAN! HOW MANY TIMES HAVE I TOLD YOU, MELVIN, NOT TO INTERRUPT ME WHILE I'M THINKING?
SPLATT


..... SODDY, OLD FELLOW! LOST MY TEMPER! NERVES YOU KNOW... WHAT WITH THIS FILTHY GOOKUM BUSINESS...
THAT'S IT, GLARF... THE GOOKUM!

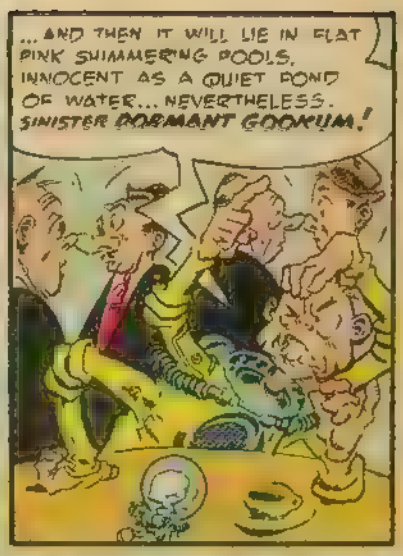
THE 500 YEARS ARE UP! THE GOOKUM! IT'S BEGINNING TO STIR!

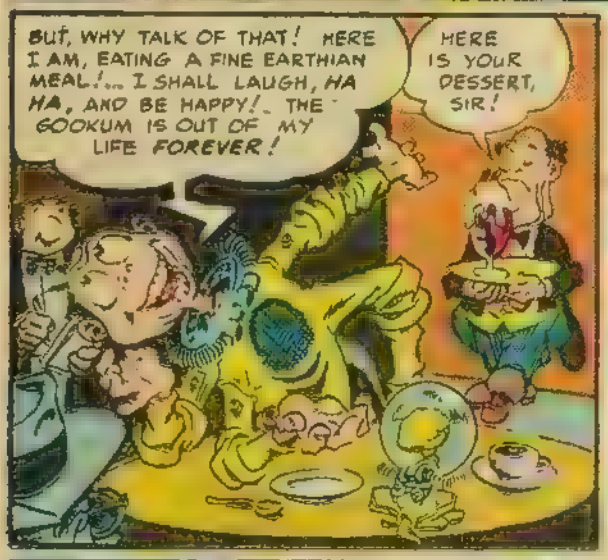
...THE GOOKUM WAS BEGINNING TO STIR!...YES! THE VAST SHIMMERING PINK POOLS OF SHINY GOOKUM NOW BEGAN TO THROB AND QUIVER... BEGAN TO MOVE IN A GREAT SLIMY GLOB...
GULP!
SMAK
SHMATCH
BURP
MUTCH
GULP
...MOVED AND BEAT AGAINST THE SECRET INSULATION OF THE GREAT WALL! AND SOMEHOW... A TEENCHY WEENCHY PIECE OF GOOKUM GOT PAST THE WALL!
GLURP
GLARP
SLOP!
SPLARSH
MRRUPP
GRRUP!
LOOK! IT MUST BE GOOKUM, 'CAUSE JAM DON'T SHAKE LIKE THAT!
QUICK! GET IT!
GULP!
SLOP!
MRR RRUP!
I'LL SMASH IT WITH THIS CLUB!
NO! NOT WITH THAT WOODEN CLUB!
GULP
SMAK!
THE GOOKUM FEEDS ON ANYTHING ORGANIC!
LOOK! IT'S EATING THE CLUB!
SLUP
GLUP
GRP!
SLOP
SLOBBER
URP
THE TEENCHY WEENCHY PIECE OF GOOKUM IS GROWING BIGGER!
IT'S SLOBBERING AFTER US!
BURP!
GRUP!
SMAK
SLURP
URPLE
GLURP
HEAD FOR THE HILLS, BOYS!
WE'LL HAVE TO BUILD ANOTHER WALL!
BROOKLYN-GLARF IS DOOMED!
GLOP
SLOP
BLOP!
BRUP!
SLOOR
SMAK
GREPP
BURPL
4

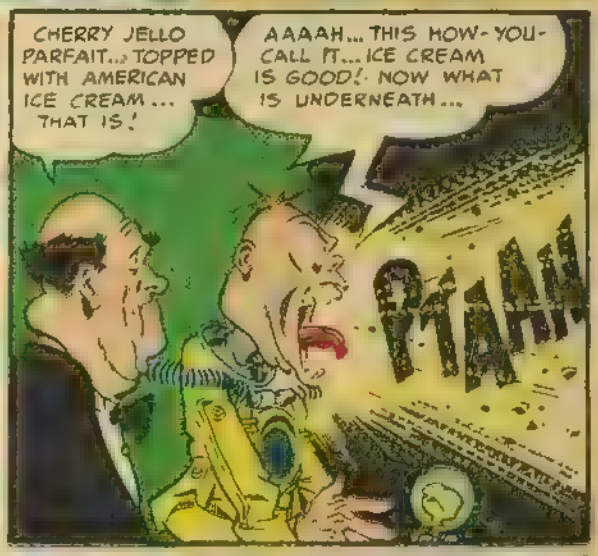
AH YES!... SOON THIS, GULPING, SLOBBERING, GLOBBERING GOOKUM HAD SWALLOWED UP EVERYTHING BUT MY INSULATED LABORATORY!
THERE I WORKED FEVERISHLY, PUTTING THE FINISHING TOUCHES ON MY OWN ROCKET-SHIP! BUT AS I WORKED, A TEENCHY WEENCHY KEENCHY BENCHY PIECE OF GOOKUM SQUEEZED THROUGH THE KEYHOLE!
CLANG KLANG
PADADAT RRRADADAT
PAK
LOOK AT THAT GOOKUM, EATING EVERYTHING ORGANIC IN THE LABORATORY! I MUST FINISH MY ROCKETSHIP!
GLOP
GLP
GULP
PTOO
LOOK HOW IT CIRCLES MY INSULATED PLATFORM! IT'S THINKING... FIGURING OUT A WAY TO GET AT ME!
BR RUPP!
HORRORS! THE GOOKUM IS SMARTER THAN I THOUGHT!
IT'S CLIMBING UP TO THE DOOR KNOB!
THERE! THE LAST PIECE OF MY ROCKET-SHIP IS IN PLACE!
GLURP
SLOP
GULP!
KRITCH
KRIK
KLONG
NOW!... BLAST OFF
SNAP SNAP!
TRROOM
5

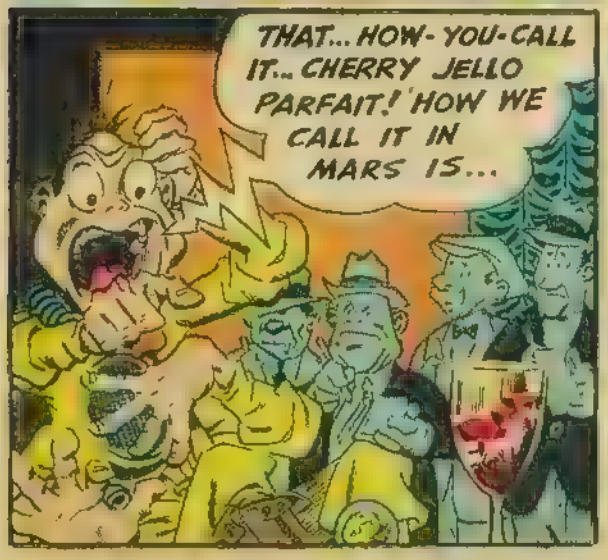
YES, GENTLEMEN! I ESCAPED FROM THE GOOKUM ON MARS ONLY BY THE BAREST BIT OF SHEER LUCK!

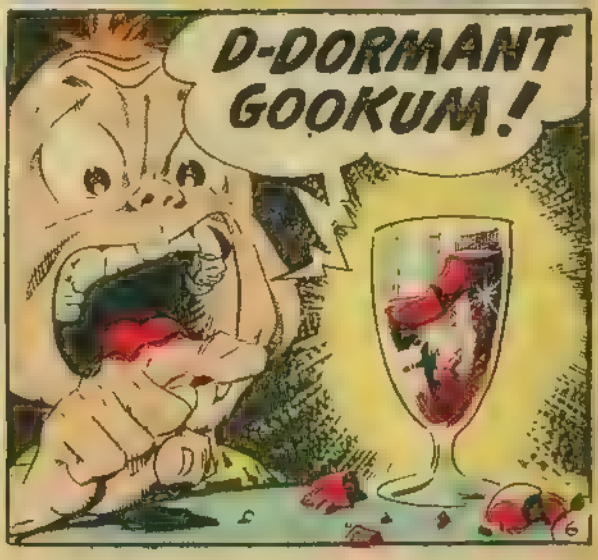
THE GOOKUM SHALL STAY ON THE RAMPAGE FOR A WHILE, AND THEN IT WILL GO BACK TO SLEEP AGAIN!


...AND THEN IT WILL LIE IN FLAT PINK SHIMMERING POOLS, INNOCENT AS A QUIET POND OF WATER... NEVERTHELESS, SINISTER DORMANT GOOKUM!


BUT, WHY TALK OF THAT! HERE I AM, EATING A FINE EARTHIAN MEAL!... I SHALL LAUGH, HA HA, AND BE HAPPY! THE GOOKUM IS OUT OF MY LIFE FOREVER!
HERE IS YOUR DESSERT, SIR!


CHERRY JELLO PARFAIT... TOPPED WITH AMERICAN ICE CREAM... THAT IS!
AAAAH... THIS HOW-YOU-CALL IT... ICE CREAM IS GOOD! NOW WHAT IS UNDERNEATH...
PTAAH


THAT... HOW-YOU-CALL IT... CHERRY JELLO PARFAIT! HOW WE CALL IT IN MARS IS...

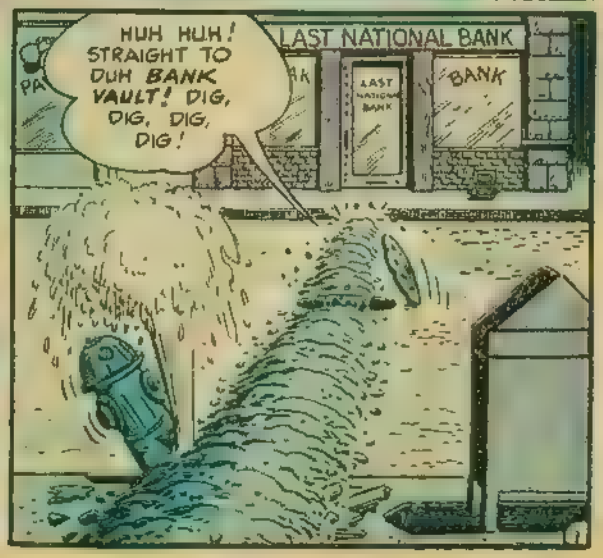

D-DORMANT GOOKUM!

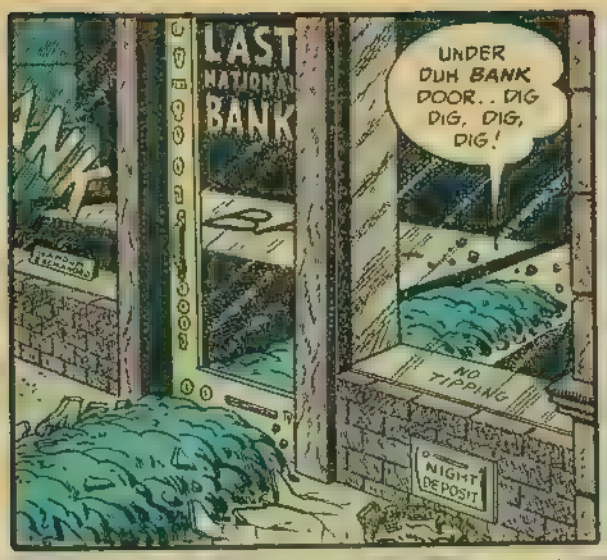
CRIME DEPT.! ALL YOU OUT THERE WHO ASPIRE TO BE CRIMINALS... YOU WHO FOLLOW THE PATHS OF EVIL! THIS STORY IS FOR YOU!... THE STORY OF A FELLOW WHO DUG HIS WAY INTO BANK VAULTS... WHO DUG HIS WAY OUT OF JAILS.. AND WHO WOUND UP IN THE ELECTRIC CHAIR!...FELLOW BY NAME OF MELVIN

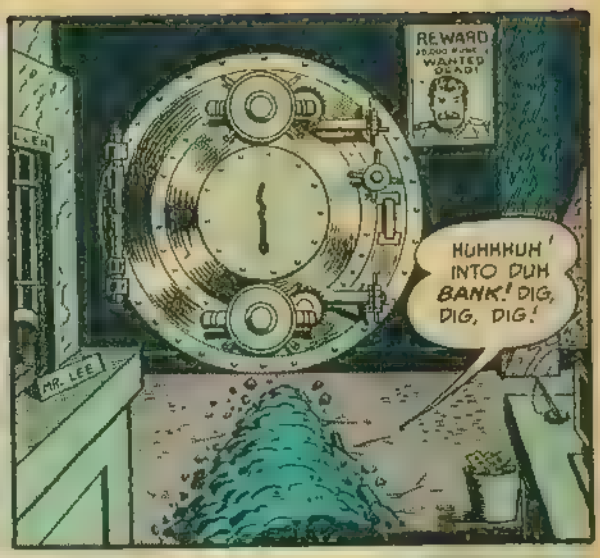
MOLE!

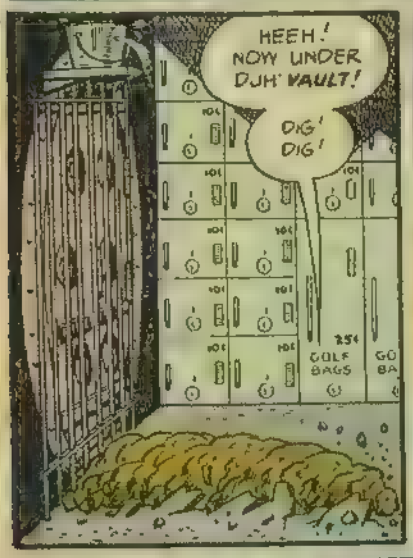
MELVIN ELDER

HUH HUH! DIG! DIG!

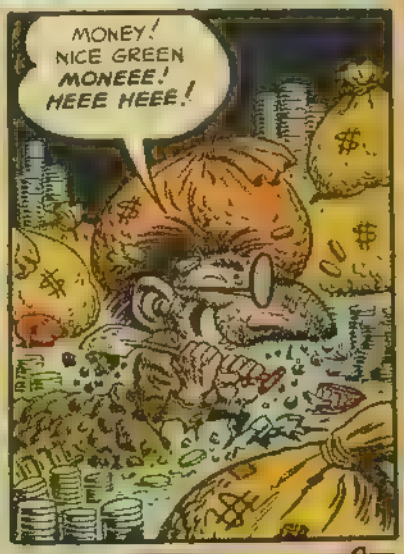


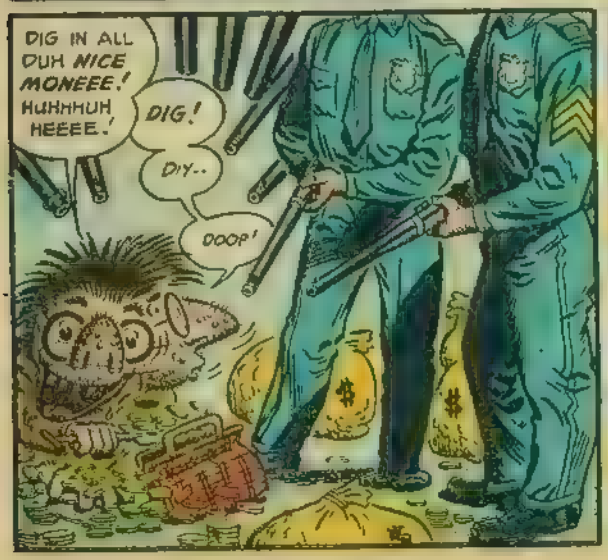

LAST NATIONAL BANK
UNDER DUH BANK DOOR.. DIG DIG, DIG, DIG!
NO TIPPING
NIGHT DEPOSIT

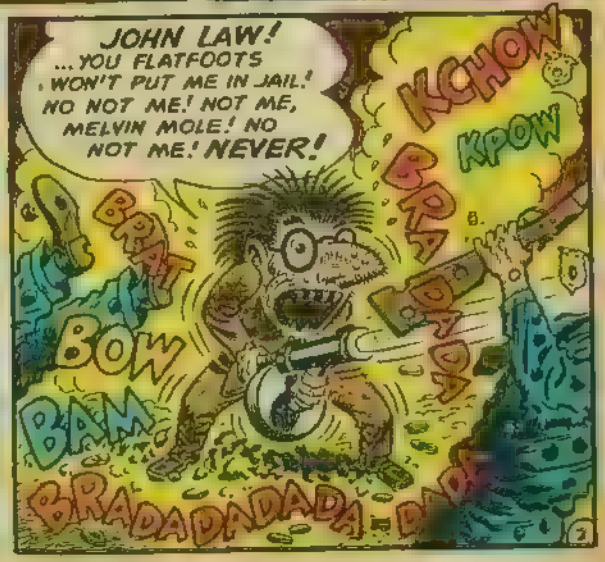

REWARD
WANTED DEAD!
MR. LEE
HUHHHUH! INTO DUH BANK! DIG, DIG, DIG!

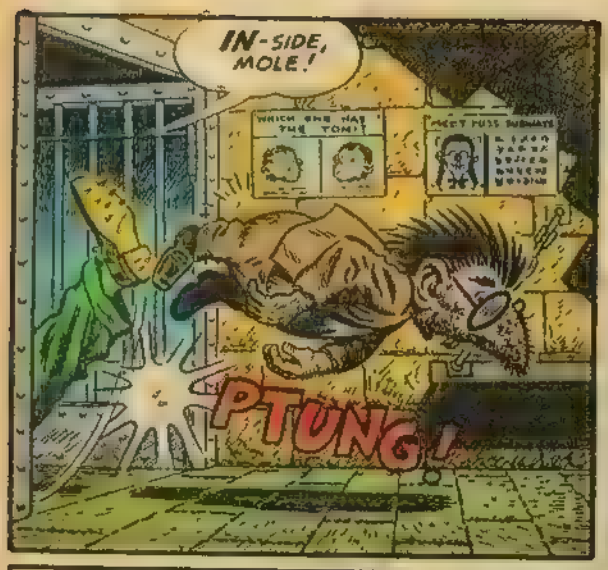

HEEH! NOW UNDER DUH VAULT!
DIG! DIG!
GOLF BAGS

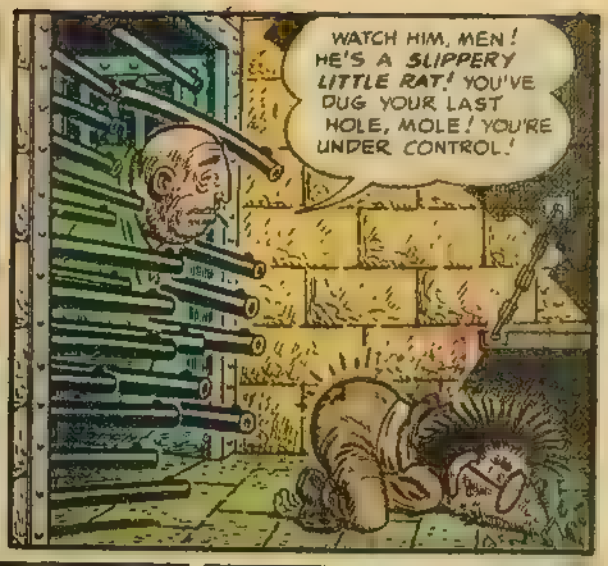
OVER TO DUH MONEY HUHEE! DIG, DIG, DIG!

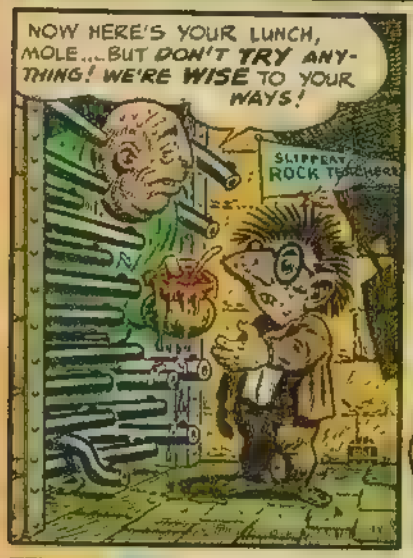

MONEY! NICE GREEN MONEEE! HEEE HEEE!

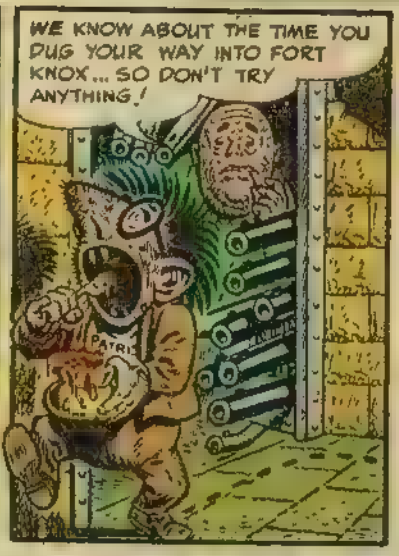

DIG IN ALL DUH NICE MONEEE! HUHHHUH HEEEE!
DIG!
DIY..
DOOP!


JOHN LAW! ...YOU FLATFOOTS WON'T PUT ME IN JAIL! NO NOT ME! NOT ME, MELVIN MOLE! NO NOT ME! NEVER!
KCHOW
KPOW
BRAT
BOW
BAM
BRADADADADA

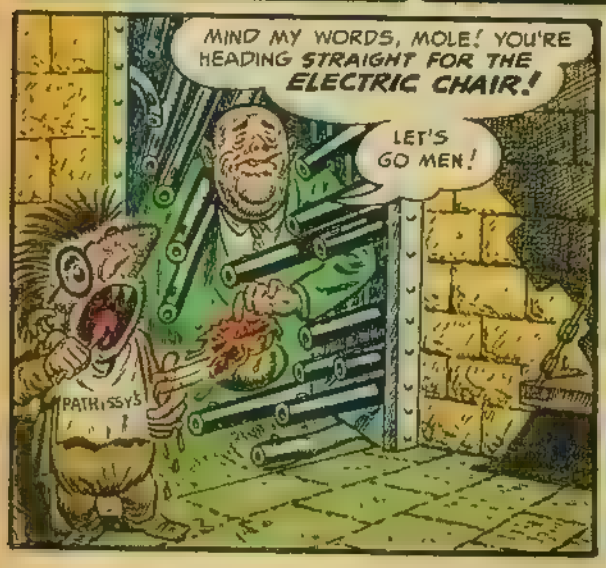

IN-SIDE, MOLE!
PTUNG!

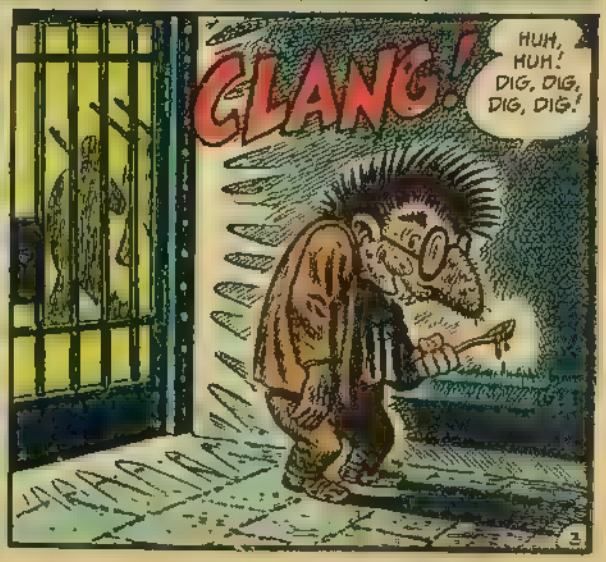

WATCH HIM, MEN! HE'S A SLIPPERY LITTLE RAT! YOU'VE DUG YOUR LAST HOLE, MOLE! YOU'RE UNDER CONTROL!

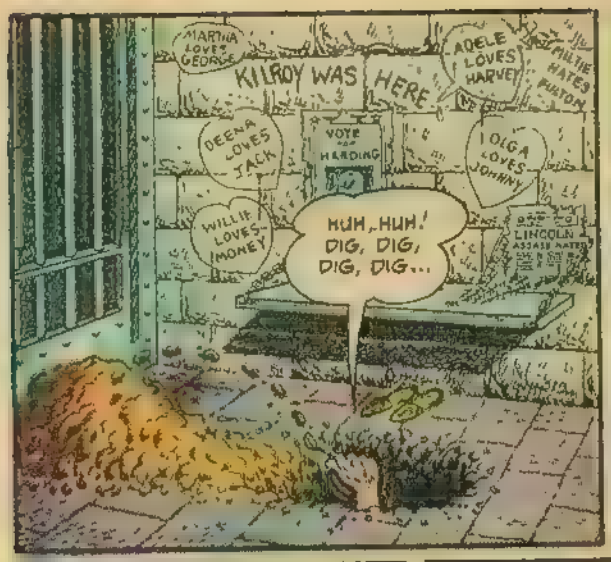

NOW HERE'S YOUR LUNCH, MOLE... BUT DON'T TRY ANYTHING! WE'RE WISE TO YOUR WAYS!
SLIPPERY ROCK TEACHERS

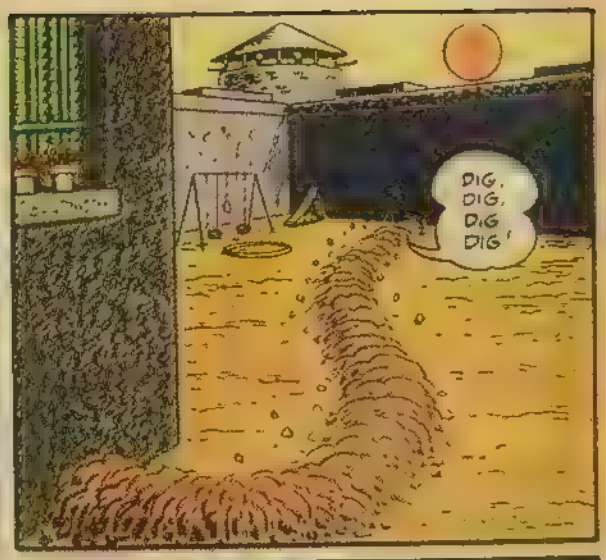

WE KNOW ABOUT THE TIME YOU DUG YOUR WAY INTO FORT KNOX... SO DON'T TRY ANYTHING!

WE KNOW ABOUT THE TIME YOU DUG YOUR WAY OUT OF DEVIL'S ISLAND... SO DON'T TRY ANYTHING!


MIND MY WORDS, MOLE! YOU'RE HEADING STRAIGHT FOR THE ELECTRIC CHAIR!
LET'S GO MEN!
PATRISSYS

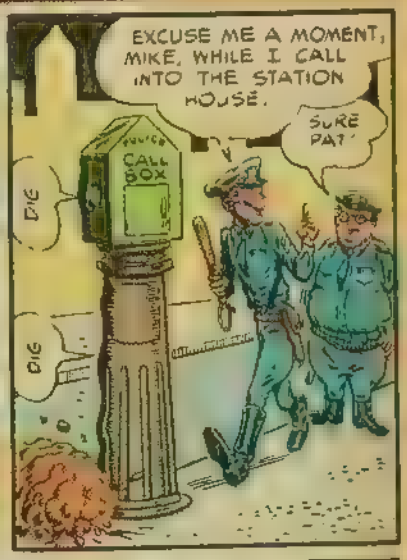

GLANG!
HUH, HUH! DIG, DIG, DIG, DIG!

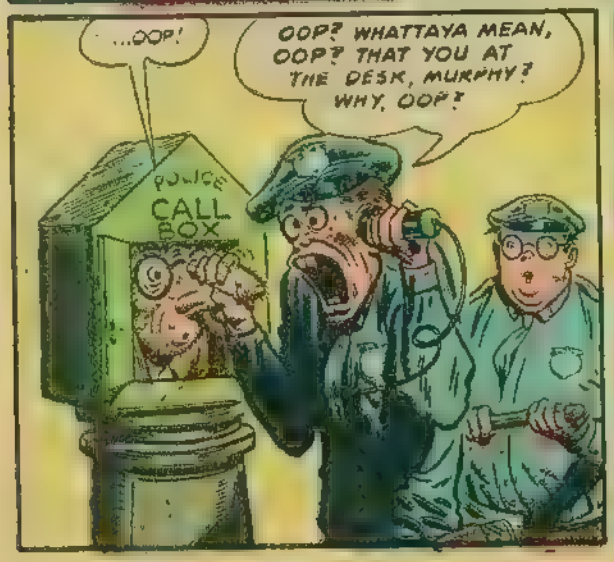

MARTHA LOVES GEORGE
KILROY WAS HERE
ADELE LOVES HARVEY
HILTIE HATES FULTON
DEENA LOVES JACK
VOTE HARDING
OLGA LOVES JOHNNY
WILLIE LOVES MONEY
LINCOLN ASSASS HATES
HUH, HUH! DIG, DIG, DIG, DIG...

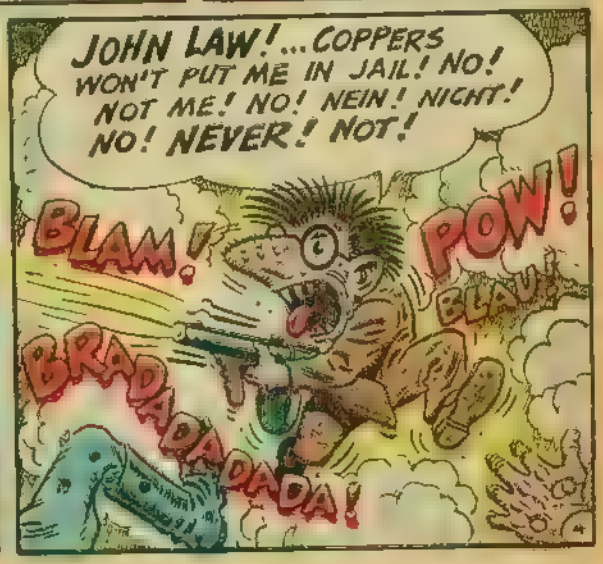

DIG, DIG, DIG DIG!

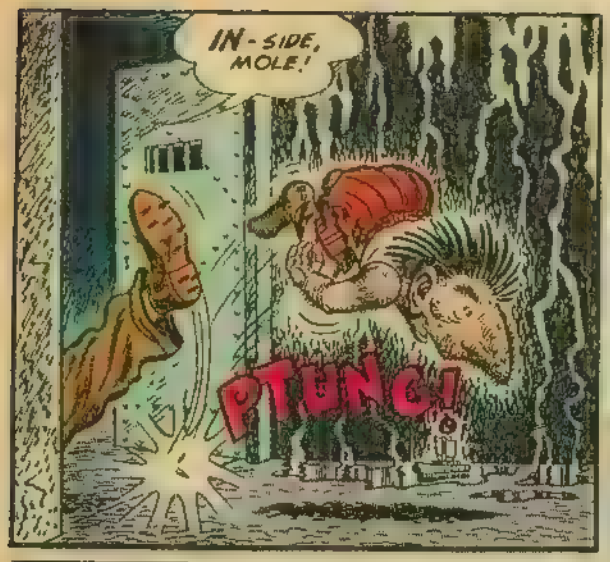
DIG! DIG!
DIG!

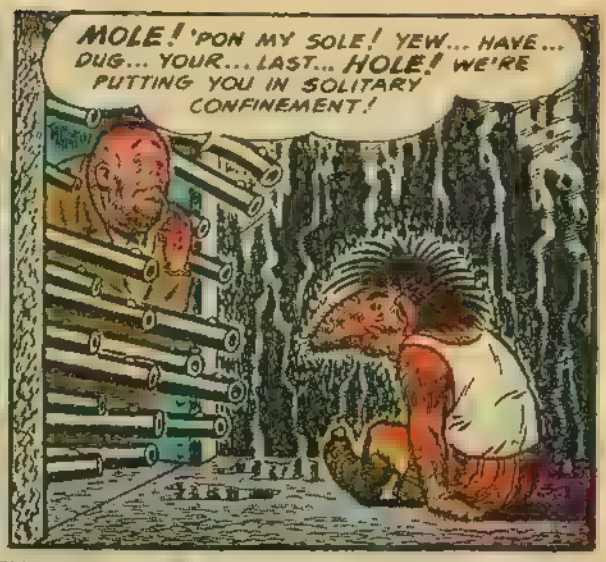
DIG!
DIG!

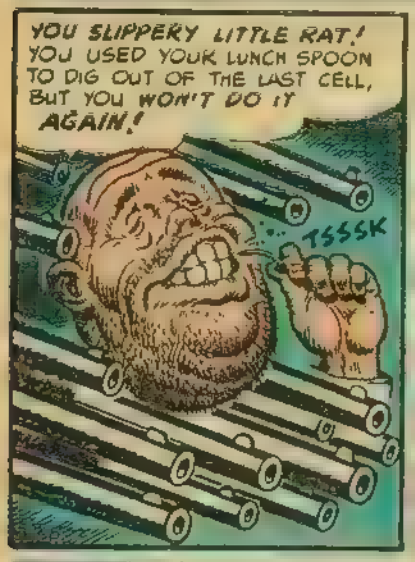

EXCUSE ME A MOMENT, MIKE, WHILE I CALL INTO THE STATION HOUSE.
SURE PAT!
POLICE CALL BOX
DIG
DIG

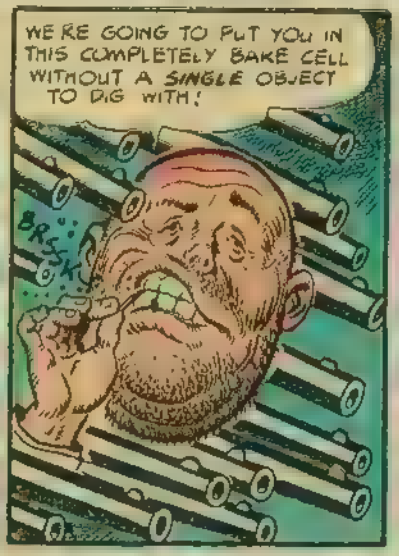

...OOP!
OOP? WHATTAYA MEAN, OOP? THAT YOU AT THE DESK, MURPHY? WHY, OOP?
POLICE CALL BOX

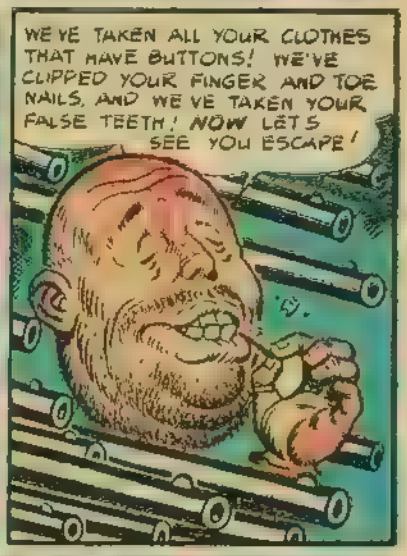

JOHN LAW!...COPPERS WON'T PUT ME IN JAIL! NO! NOT ME! NO! NEIN! NICHT! NO! NEVER! NOT!
BLAM!
POW!
BLAM!
BRADADADADA!

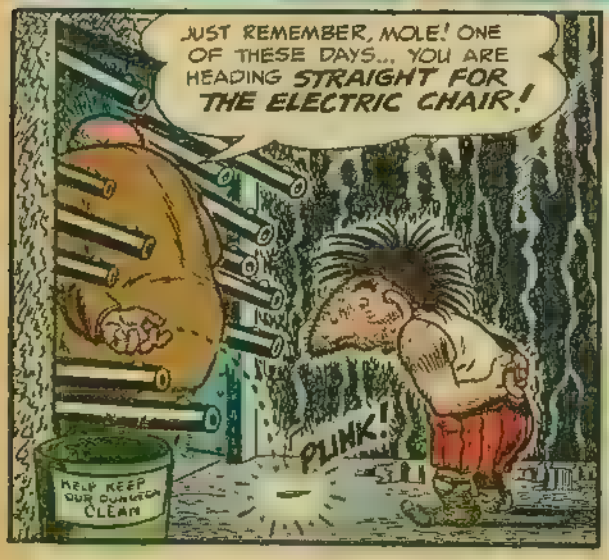

IN-SIDE, MOLE!
PTUNG!

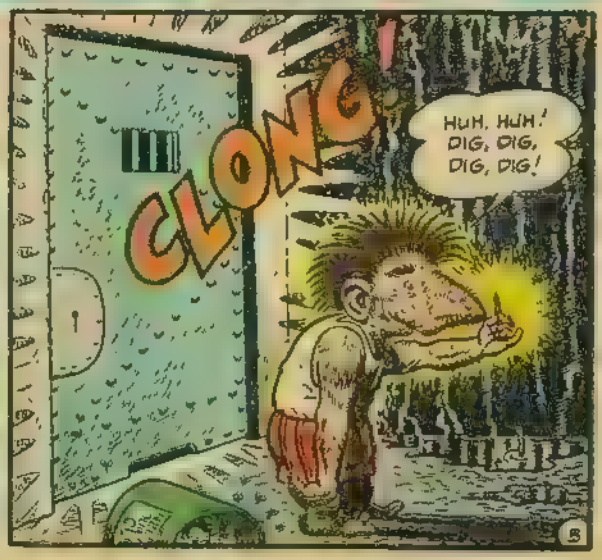

MOLE! 'PON MY SOLE! YEW... HAVE... DUG... YOUR... LAST... HOLE! WE'RE PUTTING YOU IN SOLITARY CONFINEMENT!

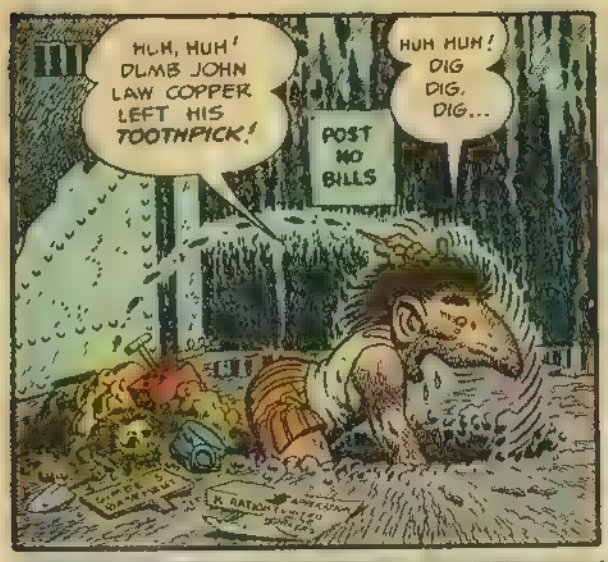

YOU SLIPPERY LITTLE RAT! YOU USED YOUR LUNCH SPOON TO DIG OUT OF THE LAST CELL, BUT YOU WON'T DO IT AGAIN!
TSSSK

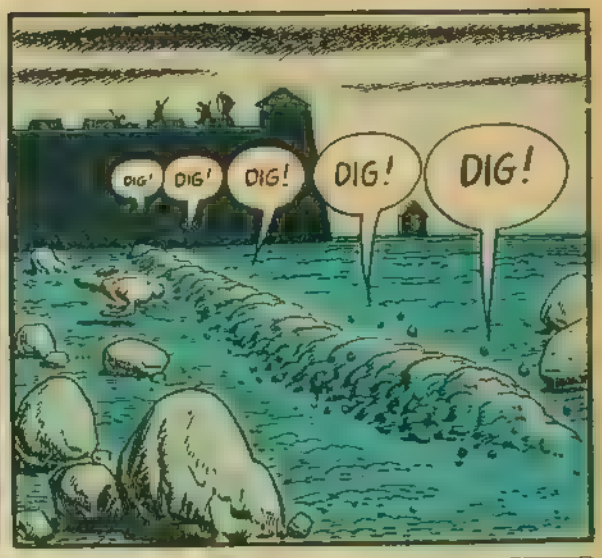

WE'RE GOING TO PUT YOU IN THIS COMPLETELY BARE CELL WITHOUT A SINGLE OBJECT TO DIG WITH!
BRSSK


WE'VE TAKEN ALL YOUR CLOTHES THAT HAVE BUTTONS! WE'VE CLIPPED YOUR FINGER AND TOE NAILS, AND WE'VE TAKEN YOUR FALSE TEETH! NOW LET'S SEE YOU ESCAPE!

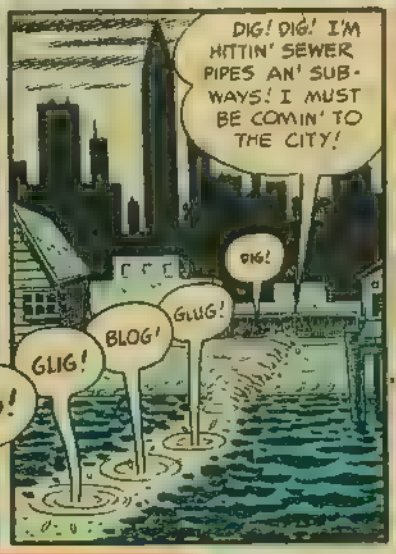

JUST REMEMBER, MOLE! ONE OF THESE DAYS... YOU ARE HEADING STRAIGHT FOR THE ELECTRIC CHAIR!
PLINK!
HELP KEEP OUR DUNGEON CLEAN


CLONG!
HUH, HUH! DIG, DIG, DIG, DIG!

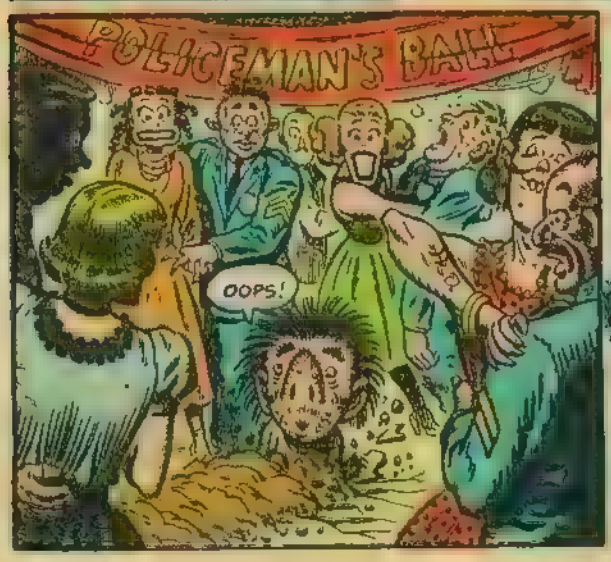

HUH, HUH! DUMB JOHN LAW COPPER LEFT HIS TOOTHPICK!
POST NO BILLS
HUH HUH! DIG DIG, DIG...

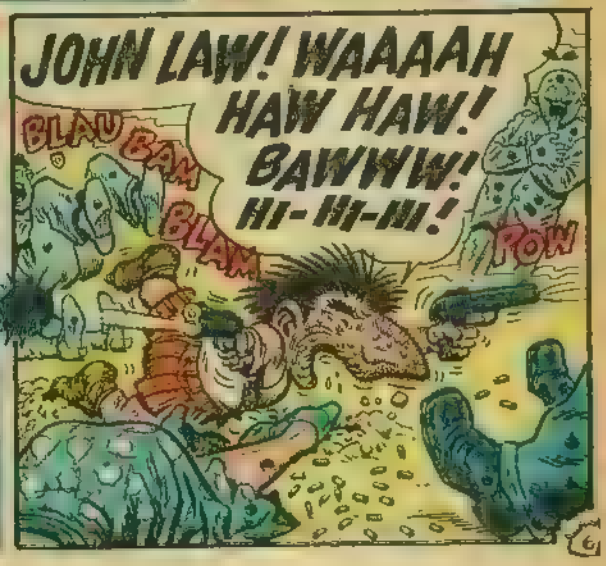

DIG!
DIG!
DIG!
DIG!
DIG!

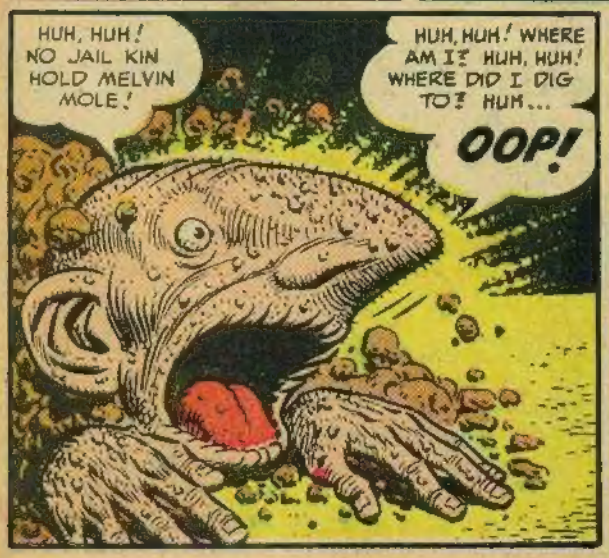
DIG!
DIG!
DIG!
GLIG!
GLIG!
GLIG!


DIG! DIG! I'M HITTIN' SEWER PIPES AN' SUB-WAYS! I MUST BE COMIN' TO THE CITY!
DIG!
GLIG!
BLOG!
GLIG!

HUH, HUH! I HEAR LOTSA FEET MOVIN'... LOTSA PEOPLE WALKIN'! A BIG CROWD! THAT'S WHAT I'LL DO! I'LL GET LOST INNA CROWD!
DIG!
DIG!


POLICEMAN'S BALL
OOPS!


JOHN LAW! WAAAAH HAW HAW! BAWWW! HI-HI-HI!
BLAU
BAM
BLAM
POW



AND THAT'S THE STORY!... THE STORY OF MELVIN MOLE, THE FELLOW WHO DUG... THE FELLOW WHO HEADED ***STRAIGHT FOR THE ELECTRIC CHAIR!***

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NAME TO BE ENGRAVED _____

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I TRAINED THESE MEN

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Shop Operations in Television "Have my own shop. Am authorized serviceman for 5 large manufacturers and do servicing for 7 dealers. N.R.I. has enabled me to build an enviable reputation in Television." P. MILLER, Masonic, C

Over 100 Month Spare Time "When I enrolled, had no idea it would be so easy to learn. Have equipped my shop out of spare time earnings. I am clearing about $40 to $60 a month. Full credit to N.R.I." — J. D. KNIGHT, Denison, Texas.

$50 Extra Monthly Salary "Am with Station WKBO as transmitter operator. Have more than doubled salary since starting in Radio. Future looks bright. N. R. I. has been constant help to me." — A. HERR, New Cumberland, Pa.

$10 Week in Spare Time "Before finishing your course, I earned as much as $10 a week in Radio servicing, at home in my spare time. I recommend N.R.I. to everyone who shows interest in Radio." S. J. PETRUFF, Miami, Fla.

Years of Success with Shop "I operate my own shop and have over 500 customers. My profits average about $250 a month. Have had years of successful experience and still praise N.R.I. training." J. H. ANDERSON, Atlanta, Ga.

Gets First Job Through N.R.I. "My first job was operator with KDLR, obtained for me by your Graduate Service Dept. I am now Chief Engineer of Police Radio Station WQOX." — T. S. NORTON, Hamilton, Ohio.

Engineer Has Enrolling Before "Am proud of my diploma. I cannot say enough for the N. R. I. course. Regret I didn't take it years ago when I used to see your ads. Now I have a spare time shop." FRANK J. TUCKER, Hilton Village, Va.

1. EXTRA MONEY IN SPARE TIME

Many students make $5, $10 a week extra fixing neighbors' Radios in spare time while learning. The day you enroll I start sending you SPECIAL BOOKLETS to show you how to do this. Tester you build with parts I send helps you service sets. All equipment is yours to keep.

2. GOOD PAY JOB

Your next step is a good job installing and servicing Radio-Television sets or becoming boss of your own Radio-Television sales and service shop or getting a good job in a Broadcasting Station. Today there are over 90,000,000 home and auto Radios. 3100 Broadcasting Stations are on the air. Aviation and Police Radio, Micro-Wave Relay, Two-Way Radio are all expanding, making more and better opportunities for servicing and communication technicians and FCC licensed operators.

3. BRIGHT FUTURE

And think of the opportunities in Television! In 1950 over 5,000,000 Television sets were sold. By 1954 authorities estimate 25,000,000 Television sets will be in use. Over 100 Television Stations are now operating, with experts predicting 1,000. Now is the time to get in line for success and a bright future in America's fast-growing industry. Be a Radio-Television Technician. Mail coupon for Lesson and Book—FREE.

I Will Train You at Home

Read How You Practice Servicing or Communications with Many Kits of Parts You Get!

YOU BUILD this modern Radio (above) as part of my Servicing Course. Build this complete, powerful Radio Receiver that brings in local and distant stations. N.R.I. gives you ALL the Radio parts . . . speaker, tubes, chassis, transformers, sockets, loop antenna, EVERYTHING you need. You use material to get practical Radio experience. Make EXTRA money fixing neighbors' Radios in spare time while training.

YOU MEASURE current, voltage (AC, DC and RF), resistance and impedance in circuits with Electronic Multitester (above right) you build as part of my Servicing or Communications Course.

YOU BUILD this Transmitter (right). As part of my Communications Course, I SEND YOU parts to build this low-power broadcasting transmitter. You learn how to put a station "on the air," perform procedures demanded of Broadcast Station operators, make many practical tests.

YOU BUILD this Wavemeter (below) in my Communications Course with parts I send you. You use it to determine frequency of operation and make other tests on transmitter circuits. You conduct many interesting experiments.

Keep your job while training at home. Hundreds I've trained are successful RADIO-TELEVISION TECHNICIANS. Most had no previous experience; many no more than grammar school education. Learn Radio-Television principles from illustrated lessons. Get PRACTICAL EXPERIENCE—build valuable Electronic Multitester for conducting tests; also practice servicing Radios or operating Transmitters—experiment with circuits common to Radio and Television. At left is just part of the equipment my students build with many kits of parts I furnish. All equipment is yours to keep. Many students make $5, $10 a week extra fixing neighbors' Radios in spare time.

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Act Now! Send for my FREE DOUBLE OFFER. Coupon entitles you to actual lesson on Servicing; shows how you learn Radio-Television at home. You'll also receive my 64-page book, "How to Be a Success in Radio-Television." You'll read what my graduates are doing, earning; see photos of equipment you practice with at home. Send coupon in envelope or paste on postal. J. E. SMITH, Pres., Dept. 2MOI National Radio Institute, Washington 9, D. C. . . . Our 39th year.

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12" high! Given to pupil making greatest physical improvement in the next 3 months.

JUST tell me where you want it—and I'll add SOLID INCHES of powerful new muscle SO FAST your friends will grow bug-eyed with wonder!

Do you want me to broaden your shoulders—put trip-hammer power in both your arms—make your legs two pillars of strength? Then just check what you want below. I'll prove you can get it in just 15 minutes a day—in your own home—or it won't cost you a penny!

I don't care if you are 15 or 50 years old—or how ashamed of your present physical condition you may be. I can give you a "barrel chest" and a vise-like grip. I can shoot new strength into your old backbone, exercise those inner organs — help you cram your body so full of pep, vigor and red-blooded vitality that you won't feel there's even "standing room" left for weakness and that lazy feeling. I'll wake up that sleeping energy of yours and make it hum like a high-powered dynamo! You'll *feel* and *look* different. Man, you'll begin to LIVE!

ARE YOU

- Skinny, Weak and run down?
- Always tired?
- Nervous?
- Lacking in confidence?
- Constipated?
- Suffering from bad breath?
- Fat and flabby?
- Do you want to lose or gain weight?

WHAT TO DO ABOUT IT is told in my FREE BOOK

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"DYNAMIC TENSION"! That's the ticket! The identical natural method that I myself developed to change my body from the scrawny skinny chested weakling I was at 17 to my present superman physique! Thousands of other fellows are becoming marvelous physical specimens—my way. I give you no gadgets or contraptions to fool with.

When you have learned to develop your strength through *"Dynamic Tension"* you can laugh at the artificial muscle-makers. You simply utilize the DORMANT muscle-power in your own God-given body—watch it increase and multiply double-quick into real solid LIVE MUSCLE.

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